THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE LOVE LESSON.

Maggie, the milkmaid, went down to the dingle,
Down to the dingle where daisies dripped dew,
Daintily lifting her skirt, gaily-plaided,
Just over the clover her feet waded through.
Oh, pretty white feet!
How they shone 'mid the dewdrops they feared not to meet!

Maggie, the milkmaid, went down to the dingle,
Swinging her light little pail on her arm,
Calling the cows through the mist of the morning,
Never sweet robin had voice of such charm.
Oh, happy young maid!
As free from all care as the sun is from shade.

Maggie, the milkmaid, is down in the dingle,
Milking the cows with a steady young hand,
While the gay carols of birds in the bushes
Have some sweet meaning she don't understand.
"Oh, what do they sing,
Each bird to the other, this heart-gladdening spring?"

Oh, how the little birds laughed when they heard her!
Peeping so saucily out of their nest:
"Well, to be sure! now what can have brought her,
So fair yet so simple a maid for our guest?
Love, love, young maiden—
Love is life's sweetness, so song is love-laden!"

Then out of pity the birds 'gan to sing to her,
All in a chorus as loud as could be,
Such trillings, such warblings, such carols and echoes,
That the air trembled with wild melody,
And each little bird
From its heart to the tips of its feathers seemed stirred.

Maggie, the milkmaid, went out from the dingle,
Thoughtfully poising her snow-foaming pail,
While the warm sunlight that played with her blushes,
Made her the loveliest flower in the vale.
But to her young heart
Came a new thought that morn, all too sweet to depart.

Next spring, when Maggie went down to the dingle—
Down to the dingle through dew-laden clover:
Some one went with her to hear the sweet singing,
And a little bird whispered me news of a lover.
And, oh, with what glee
The birds sang around them as loud as could be!
Well Maggie now knew
Their wondrous sweet meaning that thrilled her heart through.
Ah, well, gentle maiden,
Love is life's sweetness, so song is love-laden.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER V.

CISSY'S RENUNCIATION.

"When a man is very ill"—so is expressed the experience of a wise old lady—"he is quiet and tractable enough; but when he is only a little ill, you can't do anything with him." And Gerald, being only "a little ill," was therefore perfectly unmanageable. After his recovery from that long fainting-fit and its subsequent exhaustion, he stoutly refused to be made an invalid; he pooh-poohed the scorched and wounded hands upon which Miss Ursula took her stand, and he sent for his servant to make his two profiles uniform again by reducing the flowing redundancy of the right whisker to the singed level of the left. He didn't like *this*, though, and it brought his temper into a state of savageness which was confidentially mentioned in the servants' hall as "not only agger-awaitin', but tittiwaitin'."

The little clique of tender-hearted women, thirsting for hospital work, were driven back in confusion and disappointment. They had "got" a patient, and he wouldn't let them enjoy their prize; he wouldn't be cosseted, or be gruelled, or be chickened; he was quite rude about the delicate jellies and the beautiful hothouse fruit which, in support of the hypothesis of invalidism, they persisted in sending up to him; and he actually threatened to come down stairs, like an ordinary *well* man, within twenty-four hours of the catastrophe! Only his wounded hands, being bound up in "wet swabs," and bearing the semblance of huge poultices, did, at the last moment, decline to accommodate themselves to any arrangement by which they could be considered presentable at Miss Ursula's dinner-table.

"Men are so trying!" sighed Lady Arthur. (She had really come out on this emergency; the fright and the danger had found out the small remnant of heart which selfishness and vanity had left to her.) "Lord Arthur was just the same. He actually threw all his medicines, bottles and all, out of the window. He only took one dose, and that was the eye-lotion, by mistake, one day when he happened to be alone and felt very ill; and when I was terrified, and wanted to send off express for the doctor, he wouldn't let me, but said he had had his dose, and, right or wrong, he didn't mean to have another."

"And papa, too," fluttered out Cissy, "he never will let us do anything for him when he is ill. Don't you remember, Olive, when he had that bad sore throat, and mamma found catnip in Mrs. Pearse's garden, and made some catnip-tea, as Mrs. Pearse advised, and papa wouldn't touch it, but called our little dog, and when Scamp wouldn't drink it, he turned round in his comical way to mamma, and asked her how she could give him what even a dog refused?"

Baulked of their *patient*, the women only hugged their *hero* the tighter to their hearts. A hero they *had* got, and no perverseness of his could rob them of *that*. So they talked over his gallant deed, and two of them, at least, conned it over in their hearts, until their enthusiasm rose to fever height, and their greeting of Gerald, when, on the evening of the second day, he ventured down, under cover of dischylon and kid glove, was quite an ovation, which, shaming the man's modesty, and rousing all the antagonism of his non-braggart English nature besides, set him on such a course of deprecation as certainly decreased the height of his pedestal a few feet by the end of the evening. It is astonishing how soon a few well-directed sneers and a little clever ridicule will level enthusiasm, and astonishing how soon the common-place of life will master the strongest emotions! Yesterday, in our exaltation at some—to us—great event, we almost thought the world itself must stand still—nay, it did stand still as far as we were concerned; to-day, our emotion has found its way into the mill of every-day routine, and those merciless stones are grinding, grinding; and to-morrow we shall look back on yesterday's elevation of feeling, and we shall be half ashamed and half doubtful of it.

I wonder how it is? Whether the one is too much exaggerated, or the other too much depreciated? Or whether our human minds are just like great pendulums, for ever vibrating, first to this side, and then to that, never pausing at the *juste milieu*?

At all events, when Lady Arthur, laying her head upon her son's shoulder, sobbed out, "My brave son! You have made me a proud mother!" and Gerald, looking down at the blonde bandeaux, as if he didn't know what to do with them, replied, "Nonsense, mother! don't be absurd!" every one present felt a little personal sensation of absurdity. And when, unabashed by this rebuff, Lady Arthur, later in the evening, caressing a dischylon palm, exclaimed, pathetically "My noble boy! I can bear this cheerfully when I remember how bravely you sacrificed yourself!" and Gerald replied, with laughing matter-of-factness, "My dear mother, your son took very good care of himself," it is certain that both Olive and Cissy had an uneasy feeling of having made too much fuss about it. Only Miss Ursula, whose good sense was always available, endeavoring to restore the right balance of things. After a few more such maternal sallies and familiar rebuffs, she came to the rescue.

"Captain Thynne, we really cannot allow you to speak of what you did so slightingly. You saved a child's life, and you risked your own, and, without distressing your modesty more than we can help, you must let us admire the bravery of the deed, and be grateful to you for it."

"My dear Miss Armytage," he replied, "I really cannot allow you to exaggerate a very simple action. I did not risk my life—not to any extent, at least. You see I am all right. The fire was rather hot of course, but no worse than many a brisk fire I have assisted at, camping out at night. The place was low, and there was water enough, and men enough, too, for that matter, to have put out St. Paul's, let alone a little lodge ten feet high. Any one of the men there—ay, and some of the women, too—would have brought the boy out if I hadn't."

They *wouldn't*, and his audience knew it in their hearts; but the case had been so logically stated that the pendulum vibrated again—the wrong way—and Miss Ursula only lost a little more by her move.

Next day the romance of the situation got a ruder shock still. Hepburn and his wife and bairns, half-clad, huddling together in picturesque attitudes of distress and terror, with the crimson blaze flashing upon them, were a pathetic sight enough; but standing in the hall, "come to thank the gentleman" (who had been afraid to venture out all the morning, for fear of being waylaid by their gratitude,) dressed in heterogeneous garments borrowed or bestowed in the emergency, they were more ludicrous than anything else. It was impossible not to see that Mr. Jervis's capacious waistcoat was too large for poor Hepburn, and that Captain Thynne's nether garments were too small, and the intervening discrepancies filled up by one of the housekeeper's shawls wound in Eastern fashion about his loins. And it was not easy to overlook the incongruity of Olive's little straw hat surmounting Mrs. Hepburn's curl-papers and giving a countenance to the soiled cotton gown, which was the only garment she had saved in her hurried flight.

"I cannot bear it!" thought—no, felt—Olive, as she sped away over the park—alone. She could not bear that it was all slipping away from her, all the high-wrought enthusiasm, all the joy and pride, all the grandeur of that night. They had subsided into the prosaic—that was bad enough—and now they were sinking into the ridiculous. She would stand again on the spot where she had witnessed it all, and it would come back as it had been, as it was still, apart from these ignoble associations. But no, the scene was changed. Instead of the curling wreaths of smoke the brilliant tongues of flame, the showers of golden sparks, were only the charred and blackened embers—the untidy, ugly, vulgar *débris* of a fire—and where the excited crowd had pressed, and cried, and cheered, was now only an ordinary band of workmen, calmly clearing away the rubbish, preparatory to rebuilding the lodge.

"It is just like a dream," mournfully sighed little Cissy at Olive's side. She had either followed or been drawn thither by the same impulse.

"Yes; but a dream that was true." And there was a ring of compensating exultation in Olive's tone.

The two walked back again in silence, Olive shut up in her own heart, reproducing there, in all its pristine beauty, the scene which had been so roughly handled outside, and Cissy pressing tightly to her bosom a charred ember, which she had furtively snatched from the ruin, a tangible witness to realise to her in future times what had already grown so misty and unreal.

The fire died out as nine-days' wonders do. Hepburn and his family were clothed by Miss Ursula's benevolence, and installed in a newly-furnished cottage to wait the completion of the new lodge. Lady Arthur, in dread of the dullness of her own home—more dull than ever now, when the "county" had hardly yet settled to shooting quarters—needed very little pressing from Miss Ursula to prolong her stay at the hall until the return, now daily expected, of Claria. Captain Thynne, for his part, was only too well contented with the arrangement, and Lady Arthur, perceiving as much, put up the danger-signal, and kept a sharp look-out on that "minx and her eyes," and even persuaded herself that it was for the performance of this duty she had, at great personal inconvenience, remained on the spot.

"I have my eye upon them," was her saving precaution, and because it *was* an eye, and nothing else, as the famous Sam would have said, it really seemed to have no effect whatever upon the group of young people, who were evidently perfectly unaware of the basilisk influence supposed to be brought to bear upon them, and quite unrestrained in an intercourse which was telling upon more than one of them.

It must be confessed that Gerald flirted very much with Cissy. He didn't know it, but he *did*. He was very fond of her, and he never hesitated to show it, playing with her as he would have done with a pretty child. She was quite a new experience to him. Never before had he been associated with anything so fresh, so innocent, so prettily earnest and unconscious as this little girl. Hilda Conroy, his cousin, numbering the same years, was of quite another genus, as were all her sex. Hilda's womanly *aplomb* and precocious *savoir vivre* were—thirty years old, at least! Her handsome eyes looked straight into his with bold defiance or fearless challenge; her practised tongue threw him back quick jest and ready retort. Hilda laughed sentiment to scorn, and did not believe in "heart," and was as worldly-minded as a Belgravian dowager. It was quite another thing to watch the lights and shades of feeling flashing and trembling over Cissy's face, to bring sudden fire of pretty indignation into her eyes or a host of tender blushes into her cheek. And Gerald liked the amusement a little too well, considering that it was only an amusement and that little girls with hearts are not exactly playthings.

Sunday is a dreadfully dangerous day in country politics, for several reasons, the strongest of which, perhaps, is that pervading atmosphere of restraint and propriety, and of being kept in order, which to the contrary mind of insubordinate man is the strongest possible incentive to getting into mischief.

"I am going to Sunday-school too. You will give me a class, Miss Holmby?"

Thus Captain Thynne to Cissy, who was drawing on her pearl-colored kid gloves, won of the captain at billiards preparatory to accompanying Olive to the school. Olive was zealous in this duty. Cissy shook her head.

"No? Why not? You don't mean to insinuate that I am not sufficiently up in my Catechism? I shall appeal to Miss Bankes."

But Olive shook her head too.

"But why not? Here am I, willing to be useful—anxious to be useful, and you won't let me. You throw all my energies back on themselves, and you won't even give me the satisfaction of a reason why."

"Lady Arthur and Aunt Ursula want your escort."

"Not they! begging your pardon. They drive this morning. And, besides, they are both too deeply imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice not to surrender even their advantage of my escort in such a cause. Miss Holmby, I must have a class."

"What would you do with them?"

"What do you do with them?"

"Ah, that is another thing."

"But I mean to make it the same thing."

"Oh no—you couldn't."

"But why not? Have the goodness to tell me wherein lies my incompetence."

"You would disturb the children; they would be looking at you."

"At me!" He looked himself over with a comical air of surprise and inquiry. "What is there to look at in me?"

The pearl-colored gloves were fitted on now. They were perfectly fresh, and they fitted—like a kid glove.

"Tell me," persisted the captain, "Miss Holmby, why should the children look at me?"

There were several reasons. She dared not tell him the first—that he was little "Dannel's" deliverer. Captain Thynne did not encourage allusions to that subject. She looked up at him from under her drooping lashes, blushing and dimpling very prettily—

"You are a stranger and a gentleman, and well dressed."

"Then, excuse me, I see very little difference; you are a lady, and well dressed, too. And, seriously, Miss Holmby, I don't see anything about me half so likely to distract their attention as that pink rose in your bonnet, or those pretty new gloves."

Now pearl-colored gloves were amongst the vanities which Cissy loved, and the pink rose was Olive's gift, and was, moreover, the first step from the simplicity of Cissy's childhood. She said nothing, but she presently disappeared. Olive and Captain Thynne, who, failing of his class, would yet escort the young ladies to the school, missing her, turned back to wait. She came flying down the avenue towards them, breathless and flurried, her white bonnet divested of its ornament—gloves of sober dark-gray upon her hands.

"Absolutely she has taken me seriously, dear little conscientious thing! I am really sorry. I am not used to such a tender conscience. I see I must be more careful. What an earnest little girl it is!"

The delay made them late. The class which Cissy had undertaken since her stay at Armytage Park was in the hands of Mr. Julius, curate of Chudleigh, the parish to which Armytage belonged. He handed the book to Miss Holmby, and stood aside—only just aside—where he could hear all that passed. Now nothing in the world so disquieted Cissy as the being thus under observation of Mr. Julius. She was dreadfully afraid of him. He was a tall, stalwart young man, of the "muscular" type of Christianity. His white cravat hung loosely awry beneath his handsome resolute chin, great waves of hair tumbled over a solid square of brow, beneath which were set a pair of strong gray eyes, bright, clear, and ready. There was power—more power, a great deal, than Cissy liked—in every feature of his face, in the firm set of his fine head, in every turn of his well-knit frame. Whilst he stood by with that quiet composure, that overwhelming air of "taking notes," Cissy was painfully uneasy. Nobody in the world had the same disturbing power over her. She faltered out the first question which met her eye in the book before her—

"What is your duty to your neighbor?"

"Please, ma'am, to keep myself to myself, and say nothing to nobody."

And Mr. Julius was listening! Hot blushes burnt her cheeks. The next question came choking forth—

"Who is your neighbor, Fanny?"

"Fanny" was Cissy's favorite pupil; surely *she* would redeem the credit of the class. But Fanny proved a broken reed.

"Please, Miss, folks as lives next door!"

"No, Fanny. You, Esther."

But Esther, discouraged at Fanny's failure, would venture nothing. And so with the next and the next. Then a black-eyed little maiden, with cherry-colored cheeks and a nankeen cape, started up in her place with eager eyes—

"*I* know, miss, *the Virgin Mary!*"

And this had been Cissy's class for two months, and Mr. Julius was listening. If he would only speak—if he would only move—if he would only *not* stand there—as she knew without turning he was standing—with that dreadfully keen observation, losing none of those awful answers! Poor Cissy's cheeks grew hotter and hotter; her presence of mind utterly failed her. She dared not even rebuke the Papistical tendency of the last speaker. She closed the book ignominiously, and called for the chapter to be read.

Perhaps Mr. Julius enjoyed her discomfiture—perhaps he did not. At all events he was generous; he walked by her side to church, and he talked very gently of the weather, and of Miss Ursula's health, and of his vicar's absence, whilst Cissy played with the posy of southernwood and Michaelmas daisies which remorseful Fanny had pressed into her hand, and thanked his forbearance with all her little heart fluttering still.

Monday brought a regular down-pour of rain—steady, determined, uncompromising rain. The Monday morning post-bag was not interesting; neither letters nor papers offered a single half-hour's distraction. These were circumstances to try the resources of the home party at Armytage Hall. After one glance at the hopeless state of things out of doors, Olive betook herself to the renovation of her flower-vases. Cissy, whose heart had been set on a proposed marking-out of a new archery-ground, flitted restlessly from one French window to the other in the desperate hope of discovering a hopeful break somewhere in the clouds. Lady Arthur, after sundry yawns and murmurs, settled herself in the corner of a couch with a long strip of embroidery work between her fingers. Captain Thynne, leaning back in his chair, tired of Saturday's *Times*, watched Cissy for amusement. Which perceiving, his mother watched *him*.

Presently a figure was seen coming up the avenue, closely buttoned up in a great-coat, though umbrellaless, breasting the driving rain very resolutely, and getting over the ground in long, rapid strides.

"It's Julius," announced Captain Thynne.

And so it was. Mr. Julius shook a whole shower of rain off his frieze coat, drew off his galoshes, left them all in the hall, and caused himself to be shown into the breakfast-room in about as ruffled an outward condition as was usual to him. He announced his errand—a consultation with Miss Ursula in parochial interests—and sat down to await her leisure.

Now Lady Arthur did not "affect" Mr. Julius; she was not sure of his "family"—which he perceiving, would not trouble himself to explain—and she had a well-bred habit of "setting down" her supposed inferiors. She remarked, in a tone which was far from hospitable, that "it must be very urgent business that brought Mr. Julius out in such rain."

"Oh!" he replied, "rain is my native element, Lady Arthur. I am an Irishman, you know, and it rains every day where I was born."

"An Irishman!" echoed her ladyship in the same tone in which she would have said "A gorilla!"

Mr. Julius's eyes danced with amusement. Captain Thynne, impatient of his mother's good manners, came to the rescue.

"Mr. Julius," he said, "I want to ask you a serious question in your professional capacity. What amount of catechismal knowledge is necessary, irrespective of personal appearance, to qualify for a Sunday-school teacher?"

Cissy looked up with a face of dismay. Next to Mr. Julius, the last person in the world whom she would have to know of her yesterday's discomfiture was Captain Thynne. Little girls are very sensitive on such points. Mr. Julius saw her look, and took his cue therefrom.

"You'll not be eligible with anything less than a thorough knowledge of the subject—in all its branches." (He would have been more than mortal to have forborne a little emphasis on the last words.)

"Because," pursued Gerald, "these ladies yesterday refused to give me a share in their labors on the ground of incompetence, and, I believe—wasn't it, Miss Holmby?—also on that of personal appearance. Yours is the right cut, I presume, Julius? Stand up, if you will, and let me see the style of thing. I am in training, you see, for the appointment, or I wouldn't trouble you."

"Not the least trouble in the world."

And Mr. Julius, with Hibernian good-nature, presented himself for inspection.

Cissy glanced up at the two young men as they stood before her. They contrasted strongly; the one with his scrupulous attire, his delicate complexion, unharmed as yet by the Indian sun, his slight, elegant figure, so refined, aristocratic, distinguished; the other, not wanting in distinction either, though of another kind—broad, athletic, powerful; his dress careless, indeed, in detail, but betraying, notwithstanding, the fastidious instincts of the gentleman—the negligence in keeping with the great massive beauty which would have resented the small arts of the toilette.

"Hercules and Adonis!" thought Lady Arthur, condescending to look up too.

And Cissy liked Adonis best. Little girls do.

"Thank you," said Gerald, re-seating himself. I'm afraid you're too much for me. By the way, Julius"—this with an air of going deep into the subject—"how far are the children's minds influenced by the color of one's gloves?"

This was another tender point with Cissy; the tears came into her eyes. Mr. Julius saw them; he had a poetic corner somewhere about his large soul; and he thought of "violets bathed in dew," and one or two other pretty things.

Gerald saw nothing; he was busy with his mother's needle-work, and in trying to make her gold thimble stay on his little finger.

Mr. Julius replied to the question—

"Can't say at all; I never wear any myself. By the way, where is the archery-ground to be? Out by yonder clump of horse-chestnuts, is it?"

"No, not there; more to the right. You can't see the place from this window. Come into the billiard-room, and I'll show you," cried Gerald, falling at once into the trap. Whilst Cissy raised her drooping lids, and thanked her deliverer with a grateful glance, which sent him into the poetic corner again, and made him feel as if he had found a sweet March violet under its sheltering leaves, Captain Thynne turned back at the door.

"Miss Holmby, what do you say to giving me my revenge at billiards this wet day? You beat me shamefully last time. Will you?"

"Oh, yes!" she assented eagerly.

"That's right! Won't you come too?" to Olive; and Lady Arthur, who was gathering up her work to follow, marked how the bantering tone dropped to a softer cadence. It startled her into a thought which had not found place before.

"Not that! not that!" she exclaimed to herself, "in the name of all that's—mischievous!"

Now between Lady Arthur and Olive there existed a mutual recoil, which, in my lady, was manifested by an increased suavity of manner, and in Olive by a silence and reserve which only just admitted the courtesies of life. Lady Arthur, in the first days of their acquaintance, had quite overlooked Olive, but Olive was used to that; the brilliancy, and largeness, and general effectiveness of Clara's beauty and manner, generally eclipsed the quiet claims of her elder sister. Even now that Lady Arthur unwillingly recognized her weight in the home circle, she thought scorn—when she thought at all—of a beauty which was assuredly not in her line.

"That little Miss Bankes is very plain," she said once to Gerald.

"Plain!" he repeated in astonishment.

"Yes, plain; don't you think so?" she reiterated, surprised in her turn that his acquiescence had not been immediate.

"I think—I hadn't thought about it," he replied coolly.

"Yes," she rejoined indifferently, "she is the sort of person one does not think about."

He looked at her curiously, but said nothing; conversation between those two was oftener a fencing exercise than anything else; confidence was not easy towards Lady Arthur; and the young man, from an undefined instinct of self-defence, would not "pin his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at."

Only in this case he had no confidence to make; he had *not* "thought about it;" he was not thinking about it now; his mind was in that dangerous condition when impressions grow and strengthen without being taken note of; he did not even know, only he felt, that the loveliness which Lady Arthur did not dream of had stolen into his soul and pervaded it like a beautiful essence. He had never "thought" about the charm which had drawn from him in those long autumn rambles, in those quiet morning talks and evening confidences, all the dreams and aspirations, all the thoughts and feelings, the life experiences and disappointments which had before been locked up in his own breast. He had surrendered himself all unconsciously to the sweet influence which was so new to him, and he had rested in it, never stopping to analyze or question what it might be.

If another man—a possible rival—had said to him that Olive was beautiful, it would have roused him to the knowledge that she was so; it would have prompted him to claim and appropriate the beauty which was his by the best and deepest right of appreciation—a subtle sympathy and inner recognition which proclaim twin souls, such souls as were made to mingle thoughts and wishes together upon earth.

But Lady Arthur's depreciation did not waken his sleeping consciousness; it only jarred upon him. Lady Arthur's sentiments often jarred upon him—oftener than not—and he did not look farther than the unpleasant sensation this time; only it made him, at the next opportunity he had, look so steadfastly down into the depths of those beautiful eyes, perhaps to see whether or no they *were* beautiful, that he brought the rich blood up into the delicate cheek, where it mantled and palpitated with such wonderful effect that the young man's own eyes became fascinated, and revealed, quite unconsciously, a great deal which their owner, not exercising the faculty of introspection, could not see himself.

This happened on a fair October evening, just between the lights, and it happened on this wise: Lady Arthur, with closed doors, was engaged in her dressing-room about some mysterious occupation which she called "reading," and which would have passed for such amongst her acquaintance had not a profane doubt been thrown on the subject by Hilda Conroy. This saucy niece of her ladyship, being on a visit at Hazelrigge Lodge, and driven to the exercise of her own bright wits for amusement, found Lady Arthur's book with a mark in it, and put her on a dozen pages or so at a time, with no other effect than to elicit, on careful cross-questioning, that the book was "extremely interesting, but *rather wanted connection*." This being whispered about by thoughtless Hilda, staggered the popular belief in those before-dinner studies which Lady Arthur professed to find so engrossing. Well, on this October evening, my lady's vigilant eye was out of the way. Miss Ursula was honestly resting in her own apartment, after a laborious day with her steward. Cissy, under the hands of Perks—who had so little scope for the exercise of her talents that she was glad of the opportunity—was submitting her "bonnie brown hair" to various experiments of artistic arrangement. And Olive, having completed her own dinner toilette betimes, came down-stairs just as the first dressing-bell rang. The little drawing-room was vacant, for Gerald had not yet returned from shooting; and Olive, not sorry to find herself alone, nestled herself down on the floor by the open window, and, leaning her head against the window-frame, fell a-musing. The windows on this side opened on to a noble terrace, set at each extremity with grand old cedar-trees—trees which were saplings when the Protector planted his usurping flag above the broad green slopes—saplings then, but whose lordly branches now swept the ground in dusky state. The terrace was descended by a flight of stone steps, and below these a wide gravel sweep parted two bands of lawn and flower-bed, bordered by thick shrubberies, and stretching away half a quarter of a mile, until the eye was wearied of its uniformity, ran, at last, apparently without let or hindrance, into the park itself; only that a nearer view showed a sunken fence, and a rustic bridge crossing it, by which Miss Ursula, when tired of the gay parterres, might rest her eyes amongst the soberer woodland beauties. Looking over these, and seeing the evening mists gather about the stately beeches and the century-old oaks, and shroud them like solemn ghosts preparing for their midnight watch, Olive sat with her clasped hands in her lap, not thinking, but letting dreamy thoughts come to her as they would. She was so still that no wonder Gerald—who was by this time very much at home at Armytage Hall—coming blundering in at the open window, hardly distinguished her in her white dress from the muslin draperies hanging near her. Checking himself just in time, he stood looking down, without speaking, at the graceful little figure, perfect in its attitude of thoughtful repose—at the face showing so purely in that soft evening light. There came over him then a dim, misty sense of having seen just such a vision before—perhaps in some foreign picture-gallery—perhaps in some pre-existent state, the memory of which was veiled from his mortal perceptions, and only showed thus, now and again, in a twilight dimness. He struggled for some moments with the strange, unreal feeling, searching about in his mind for the clue he could not find.

"I beg your pardon," he said at last, recollecting himself; "you have been within an ace of annihilation, Miss Bankes."

She smiled as she made way for him to pass. Once within the room he stood by her side, looking out, as she had done, upon the gathering evening shadows. He stood there so long that she ventured at last to say—

"The dressing-bell has wrung, Captain Thynne."

There was surely some spell in the place and hour, for he never stirred; his eyes were fixed upon those misty ghosts away in the park.

"Do you believe in dreams?" he said presently.

"In day-dreams or in night-dreams?" she asked.

"In night-dreams."

"No," she replied, laughing, "do you?"

"I think so; indeed I am pretty sure I do." His manner was quite serious. "Don't despise me, Miss Bankes. I can show very respectable precedents, classical, historical and Biblical, for my—my folly, if you will; and I know a strange thing." His voice sank to a tone which thrilled through her incredulity. "One of our fellows was taken ill with jungle-fever on the march; quite a youngster—he had only joined six months—was just out from England, and the nasty climate got hold of him. He was a fine, gentlemanly boy. His sister was married to one of our captains; she and her husband were away at that time, up in the hills for her health. I sat up with Neale two nights and part of the third, and then I got knocked up and went to lie down. I left my servant and his with him, with orders not to lose sight of him for an instant. This was at about twelve o'clock. At four I was awakened by an outcry. Neale was gone! The wretches had fallen asleep, and the poor fellow had escaped in delirium. We found him, after two hours' search, lying on the very edge of a lagoon, covered with mud, and wet through—it had rained all night. I suppose the fever-thirst drew him towards the water. I wrapped him in one of the men's cloaks, and four of us carried him back again. I remember quite well that when we got to the bungalow—it had been lent to us for Neale's use—the bed was not ready, and we laid him on the floor. He died that day. Six weeks afterwards his sister sent me a letter she had just received from her mother in England. She asked very anxiously after the boy, and said that she had been dreaming of him, and was very unhappy on his account—that she saw him—listen, Miss Bankes!—*pale and ill, covered with mud and rain, carried in the arms of four men, and laid upon the floor!* The date of the letter was the very day the thing happened! It gave me a queer feeling—a very queer feeling."

They were both silent. Olive was not superstitious, though the Eastern blood which ran in her veins might well have made her so; yet this tale fastened on her imagination. In the broad sunlight she might have met such a story with some sort of incredulous reasoning; *then*, under such congenial influences, she received it with shivering awe, and her thoughts wandered away, groping with trembling audacity about that mysterious region which is so thinly veiled from some of us, that, heap as we will material barricades between it and us, it will loom through sometimes.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *our* philosophy," Gerald went on speaking his thoughts aloud. "I had a dream last night, and it has haunted me all day—an odd, unsubstantial sort of dream. I hardly know what it was, and yet I cannot get rid of it—the impression of it, I mean. It's odd, too, how Neale's story came back to me this evening. I feel half in this world and half in another."

This was the way, somehow, that all Gerald's talks with Olive tended—to talking out thoughts and feelings which he had never before dreamt of confiding to any human being—to a sort of restful confidence of which she was too simple-minded to understand the inference, although she was conscious of a secret mutual understanding too sweet to be safe.

"I was in some danger in my dream last night—some undefined but desperate peril—something shadowy and mysterious, against which an angel guarded me. The angel's face was covered at first, but presently the veil fell off, and I saw that it was *you*."

He was bending towards her—he almost touched her; his voice dropped to a whisper of indescribable tenderness. She started, and the blood rushed up into her cheeks; her eyes met his, frightened, questioning, waking up for the first time to the revelation which looked out of his. All the beautiful inspiration of love flashed then into her soul, and shone forth again, touching as with fire the pure calm of lip, and cheek, and brow, like the glory of sunrise breaking the dewy sleep of the valleys. Wondering and fascinated, Gerald looked down at this wonderful and sudden transformation as perhaps, Pygmalion did when the glorious life first throbbed and palpitated through the marble veins of his maiden statue. Thus Gerald gazed upon Olive in bewildered admiration, ended only—the mill of life is grinding again—by the sudden clang of the dinner-bell. Miss Ursula was precise in her punctuality, and the young man sped away in all haste, whilst Olive turned her glowing face full upon Cissy standing silently by her side, forgetful of the French coiffure she had brought for triumphant exhibition, dismayed beyond words by the light which had dawned upon her.

"That little brown creature improves," thought Lady Arthur, glancing to the bottom of the dinner-table where Olive sat. "Her color is good, and her eyes are not so bad."

"Olive grows very lovely," fondly said Miss Ursula to herself at the same moment.

Whilst Cissy, flattered and discomposed, sent away her untasted dinner—though Gerald assiduously heaped her plate with dainties—and wondered how long hearts were in breaking, and if the children would be very sorry to see her fading away, and if Olive would come to bid her farewell, and to weep over her death-bed, and if anybody would guess at what had killed her! And afterwards she sat apart—pretty, bright little Cissy—drooping like a sick bird, nursing her broken heart, and hardly keeping back the tears which, through Olive's tender solicitude and Gerald's kindly banter, started to her eyes.

Eight o'clock brought Mr. Julius, his white cravat tied with very suspicious care, and his massive features a good deal lightened by some happy arrangement of his tawny locks, for all of which, doubtless, he had his reasons. He drank coffee, chatting with easy intelligence the while; and when Miss Ursula and Lady Arthur disposed themselves for their usual game of cribbage, and Olive at the piano rendered Beethoven's tender strains with a tenderness and fullness which seemed to fill the room, and chained one of her hearers to her side, he turned to Cissy's distant corner and challenged her to give him his revenge at chess. Whereto Cissy consented with as ill a grace as Cissy could put on, and, being checkmated in three moves, she pleaded a headache, and, under cover of Olive's heart-melody, she stole away to bed, and lay there, waxing so pathetic over her young life nipped in the bud, and strewing such sympathetic flowers over her premature grave, that no wonder she cried herself to sleep, and that Olive's good-night kiss, dropped ever so lightly upon her closed eyelids, awoke her with a sob—a sob that broke into fast-falling tears, like the pattering rain-drops after a thunder-burst. Olive sat down on the bed and drew the child into her arms.

"Cissy, dear Cissy, what is it?"

"Oh, Olive! I am so miserable! Was it very wrong of me to—to—" A fresh burst of tears stopped her here.

"To what, my darling?"

"To—love him!" whispered Cissy, hiding her blushing face from the moonlight on Olive's neck. "He is so good, so noble, and so—so handsome, and he seemed—at least, I thought—he liked me a little. I was foolish, I know, but oh! Olive, say it was not wrong."

Olive was puzzled for a moment, then she found the clue as she thought, and she smiled to herself.

"No, dear, it was not wrong; and, besides, I think he *does* like you very much." Mr. Julius' cravat presented itself to her mind's eye.

"Olive," returned Cissy, with a great assumption of dignity, "it is cruel to trifle with me, even to be kind. I can never be deceived any more—that dream is over for ever. And oh, Olive! I could not bear it if it were any one but you. I can give him up to you; you are so much more worthy of him than I ever could be."

"Me!" cried Olive in amused surprise. "Cissy, Mr. Julius does not come here for *me!*"

"Mr. Julius! Oh, Olive!"

The original "*Et tu Brute*" was not given with a more sorrowful dignity of reproach. Olive could have laughed, but that another thought, a hundred thoughts, crowded into her mind.

"Cissy," she presently said gravely enough, "you are too young to speak of such things."

Well said, Olive! Not too young for Mr. Julius, but too young for Gerald! The play was serious now. Cissy's gravity matched hers.

"I am not young," she said sadly. "I shall be sixteen in January. Speak kindly to me, Olive; I shall not trouble you long, and I love you very dearly. Must I not love you when I am willing that all the happiness should go out of my life into yours?" Olive's arms were round her again now. "I meant to have gone away and said nothing, and let my heart break quietly, but I could no help it. I shall pray every night for his happiness and yours, my darling! my darling! and perhaps"—here Cissy's renunciation rose to a Roman matron's height of self-sacrifice—"perhaps, if I live, I may be your bridesmaid."

"Hush, Cissy—hush! go to sleep, my love!" And kisses sweet as falling rose-leaves soothed the pretty child to dreamless slumber.

"Oh, Olive!" she murmured, just rousing once, "how he loves you!"

Lovely words! Thought over by Olive in the still night, set to sweet music in her beating heart, whispered softly to herself—oh, so softly!—and then bathed in rosy blushes which even the shy moonbeams must not see. They came to her with delicious repetition again and again, until she slept, pillowed upon those sweet words, like an Eastern monarch whose slumber is embalmed with precious perfumes.

"How he loves you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Mountain Experience.

Nine weary up-hill miles we sped,
The setting sun to see,
Sulky and grim he went to bed,
Sulky and grim went we.

Seven sleepless hours we tossed, and then
The rising sun to see,
Sulky and grim we rose again,
Sulky and grim rose he.

☞ An Austrian chemist, Leinebrock, has discovered a way of inclosing electricity in small glass capsules, which will explode under the influence of the slightest shock. The capsule is inclosed in a steel cone, so that if shot from the rifle it will enter the flesh, and the explosion which follows is sufficient to kill a man. Experiments have been made on oxen and horses with perfect success, these animals having fallen down as if struck by lightning.

☞ French booksellers in London keep the libels on the Emperor Napoleon, printed in Belgium and proscribed in France, selling them at from three to six times the usual price—the price increasing with the atrocity of the libel.

☞ A lady did in one of the boxes of the Opera Comique, in Paris, during the performance.

☞ General Grant's pay is $18,678 per year, and Lieutenant-General Sherman's is $13,518. Each is allowed fifty horses. A Major General gets $5,500 per year, and is allotted five horses. The pay of a Brigadier is $3,940 50.

☞ EXERCISE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—A Paris letter states that the visitors to the Paris Exposition, next year, will have plenty of exercise, for there are to be about forty-five miles of avenues, paths, garden walks, &c. Means are to be provided, however, for visitors to ride, at a slow pace, through various parts of the exhibition buildings.

☞ CONCEALED SAUSAGES.—A Paris dealer announced that a five-franc gold piece is secreted in one of ever hundred sausages exposed for sale in his shop. The demand for sausages immediately became enormous. A perfumer having adopted a similar method of increasing the sale of his soap, was threatened by the sausage-maker with legal proceedings for imitating his invention, but he soon ascertained that he had no ground of action.

☞ The Augsburg Gazette has a long article upon recent literary publications in England. The names of the books are given in English, and among them is a work much praised by the writer, which is called "Felix Holt, the Rascal." (A mistake for *Radical*.)

☞ It is gratifying to learn that Crwdgimpes Ap Taomas, the Welsh bard, is coming to this country. He will be received by the Llwglmntramstrath of Philadelphia, and his performance on the Qthmcthrgwstlyn, or Welsh harp, will be the most interesting musical event of the season. He is a native of Meelgwystrnwbstrnwbstwith, and his father was the inventor of the Brnwrw Cymrsggdrust.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R. 10, 1866.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We call attention to the new Novelet, named

HEARTS ERRANT,

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

We design commencing a new novelet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;
A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

NO PAPER OFFERS AS GREAT INDUCEMENTS AS THE POST. Besides, as THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND can always be clubbed together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and thus count for two subscriptions.

We return our thanks to the host of old friends who have stood by us for years, and hope to continue to make THE POST in every way worthy of their support. And if it comes in their way occasionally to recommend our sheet to their friends and neighbors, we shall duly appreciate the kindness.

HAS EVERY MAN HIS PRICE?

Walpole's principle of diplomacy, that "every man has his price," has given rise to much adverse feeling and argument; and surely so sweeping an assertion must go wide of the mark. Yet the last few years have taught us a lesson which, while it leaves the honor of the shrewd minister as clouded as ever, goes far to vindicate his policy. We believers in the native honesty of mankind have had some strange revelations as to the real basis of that honesty. Were things to go on so we should be obliged to erase the word "Honesty" from our dictionaries and replace it by "Want of opportunity."

It is scarcely necessary to recapitulate our evidence. No sooner was it known that the Government had money to spend, than a host of contractors sprung up with the intention that this money should be spent as much to their advantage and as little to that of the Government as possible. Shoddy ruled supreme. Propellers, that had wheezed out their slow lives unto the last stages of decay, became suddenly rejuvenated into "swift and powerful steamers." Guns warranted not to go off; meat that made up in strength what it lacked in sweetness; blankets that served a second purpose as ventilators; shoes with a surprising economy of leather; horses with a marvellous lack of youth and utility; munitions surprisingly good—for nothing; were generously exchanged for the money of the Government. It needed all our Yankee versatility to put in operation so complete a system of robbery and peculation in so short a time, and without evidence of any complicity among its members. Into every Government office the same system extended. Balances would fall short, supplies mysteriously disappear, useful intelligence reach the ears of the enemy. Inspectors appointed to prevent fraud became its accomplices, forming new openings to drain life blood from the state. The gypsy practice of crossing palms with silver gained a new application, aiding in fortune-making instead of fortune-telling. Our military chest yawned with a thousand leaks, through which gold oozed into ready hands.

We do not realize the money value of all these dishonesties. How much of that $2,700,000,000 was honestly earned, how much stolen, will never be known. Still less do we realize its blood value, in undue extension of the war, and the loss of many battles through useless munitions and treasonable information.

Society seems to have been infected to its core by this leaven of dishonesty. Monthly we hear of bank defalcations. Oil companies have been started by the hundreds, often their only land that which clung to the boot soles of their directors, their only "borings" into the pockets of the credulous public.

These are a few phases of a grand saturnalia of dishonesty through which we have passed, and from which, let us hope, we are about to emerge. There are legends of a certain principle called "Conscience," said to be resident in the human breast. Did it go out when the age of steam came in, or is it merely hybernating?

Alas, poor human nature! Temptation seems to storm its strongest citadel of honor. Happily the evidence of this is not confined to our country or we might despair of our future. It is a belonging of every people, and vividly displayed in every war, that conscience is the weakest of monitors, and that honesty is only too ready to yield to opportunity.

THE TRUTH.

We should pardon the historians of the Past for their many errors, when it is so very difficult to arrive at the truth in relation to the simplest questions of our own time. For instance, who knows whether there is or is not much intemperance in the wine-growing countries of Europe? We have repeatedly seen it stated that there was very little, and also frequently seen articles like the following:—

"INTEMPERANCE AND CHEAP WINE.—Rev. E. S. Lacy, of California, who favored the introduction of the wine culture in California as a means of abating the vice of intemperance, after spending six months in a country place in Switzerland among the vineyards, where cheap and pure wine is the common beverage, says there was more intoxication there than in any place where he had lived. The common people passing to and from market would become intoxicated before reaching home, and the wine shops along the roads were at all hours full of men. On holidays and festal occasions a large portion of the male population would be beastly drunk. Intelligent Germans informed him that this was the great social evil of their country, where wine is never adulterated, and where great quantities of it are drunk."

This is pretty strong—but very likely some one will come along next week, and contradict the Rev. Mr. Lacy point blank.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Like a dream from which we are rudely awakened passes away the beautiful Summer; a dream of flowers, and warm winds, of singing birds, and purling streams, of glowing days, and perfumed nights, and all the glory and glee of Nature. The bugle call of the Winter winds has sounded, and the forces of the frost are marching Southward. At that fatal sound the flowers droop, and dolphin-like the green woods change and die.

The poetry of winds and waves becomes sheer prose when the one bites and the other stings; they cease to suggest moonlight love-making when once they have reminded us of stoves and over-coats. The charms of sea-bathing and country-boarding are faded charms. Who now longs to plunge beneath the combing wave, or ramble under forest arches? Closed windows and drawn blinds, and a quiet book by a quiet fireside, is becoming our idea of comfort; the fever of the ball-room, and the counterfeited nature of the stage our ideal of pleasure; while the romance of Summer is as the memory of a play which has been played, and on which the curtain has fallen.

But from the graves of the Summers past shall arise the Summers to be. When the snows melt the flowers will bloom again. So, though our lives like a stormy sky be fretted with dark clouds, after every storm the sunshine will reappear; and there is no grief deep enough to drown Hope.

OUR PREMIUMS.

MRS. M. BAINBRIDGE writes from Salina, N. Y., as follows:—

"We received the Sewing-Machine in due time, but thought we would take time to try it before we acknowledged its receipt. The machine is a good one, and we are very much pleased with it. Yours, with thanks.

"MRS. M. BAINBRIDGE."

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.—We call attention to the Paintings of French, German, and Belgian Artists, now being exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. It is open from 9 A. M., until 5 P. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LAUS VENERIS AND OTHER POEMS AND BALLADS. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Published by Carleton, N. Y.; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

SARATOGA. An Indian Tale of Frontier Life. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

OUR ARTIST IN PERU. Fifty Engravings on Wood. Leaves from the Sketch Book of a Traveller during the Winter of 1865-6. By GEO. W. CARLETON, author of "Our Artist in Cuba." Published by Carleton, N. Y.; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

HASTE AND WASTE; OR, THE YOUNG PILOT OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN. A Story for Young People. By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

HOPE AND HAVE; OR, FANNY GRANT AMONG THE INDIANS. A Story for Young People. By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

MARTYRIA; OR, ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. By AUGUSTUS C. HAMLIN, late Medical Inspector U. S. Army. Illustrated by the Author. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. S. Claxton, 1214 Chestnut street, Phila.

THE PRAIRIE CRUSOE; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST. A Story for Boys. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, 1214 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

WHITEFRIARS; OR, THE TIMES OF CHARLES THE SECOND. By the author of "Whitehall." Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

GRIFFITH GAUNT; OR, JEALOUSY. By CHARLES READE, author of "Peg Woffington," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

☞ Baron Rothschild once complained to Lord Brougham of the hardship of not being allowed to take his seat in Parliament. "You know," said he, "I was the choice of the people." To which the Ex-Chancellor, with his usual causticity, replied, "So was Barabbas."

☞ A spread-eagle orator of New York state "wanted the wings of a bird that he might fly to every town and county, to every village and hamlet," but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out: "Dry up, you old fool; you'd get shot for a goose before you had flown a mile."

☞ Brigham Young's daughter Fannie is said to have consented to marry a wealthy friend, on condition that she should have as many husbands as her husband had wives. The suit wasn't pressed.

☞ A young German in St. Louis recently blew his brains out to get rid of a headache. He got rid of it.

☞ A cow exhibited at a recent Illinois Agricultural Fair, gave, during three weeks in the month of June last, a yield of milk averaging twenty-nine quarts daily, and from the cream thirteen pounds of butter were made weekly. Distancing all competitors in the milk and butter trade, she took the highest premium.

☞ A successful farmer says he practised, last summer, giving to each of his milch cows five quarts of cold boiled potatoes per day, and that they were worth half a dollar a bushel for this purpose.

☞ A GOOD CANAL.—An exchange says the Farmington Canal is the most unprofitable public improvement that was ever heard of in this country, having never yielded but one dividend, and that was one summer, when the Directors "mowed the tow path and divided the hay."

Once upon a time I fair Amelia kissed,
Whose nose was too distinguished to be missed;
Said I: "My love, I fain would kiss you closer,
But though your lips say yes, your nose says no, sir."

☞ A foolish and timid Tennessee swain attempted suicide on his wedding-day. A stomach-pump relieved him, and a little old Bourbon gave him pluck to meet his fate with becoming dignity.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO

LAKE TITTICACA—CURIOUS SHORES—MUD MARBLE HUTS—SINGULAR TIDES—AN IMPROBABLE THEORY—BULLRUSH BOATS—A TRADITIONAL ERROR—EXPLORING EXPEDITION—SUDDEN SEPARATION.

Lake Titticaca, the largest body of fresh water in South America, and the most elevated lake in the world, is as bewitching and bewilderingly beautiful as it is enigmatically wonderful in several of its characteristics. In extent, the area of Lake Titticaca is supposed to be about four thousand square miles, or a fraction more than half as large as that of Lake Erie, though in truth there has never been, it is doubtful if there ever will, or can be any actual and accurate measurement of the lake. It were as practicable to reduce the dimensions of a brush heap to a definite quantity. I do not believe all the hydrographers in creation could get at the area of Titticaca accurately in a hundred years. So it is not worth the survey. It is well enough without it.

In its outlines Titticaca is, perhaps, the most singular body of water upon the surface of the globe, either salt or fresh. It is this singularity that constitutes its chief charm. Cator conveyed a better, or rather covered a more correct idea of the appearance of the lake's features of boundary in a couple of off-hand, salt-water comparisons, than I shall be able to present in ten pages of description, when he declared it like a land crab, all claws, or a Maltese spider, all legs and arms. Indeed, if any one happens to remember one of the curious *cancer* wood cuts in some of our old medical almanacs, he will have about as correct a chart of Lake Titticaca as can be drawn or written. All frilled, fringed and five fingered around its entire circumference, except for a five league's stretch on the south-west side, notched, serrated and wrought into all fantastic forms that even ingenious nature herself could invent. First, perhaps, we have in view a promontory, bold and high, a league back, pitching down at a sharp angle and a league it may be out into the lake, like a thirsty animal, almost submerging its thirsty head in the clear cold water.

Next beyond the promontory and between it and a low grassy peninsula, jutting out into the lake, and having perhaps at its extreme point a pointed rock-shaft, planted like the horn of a rhinoceros, there will be an inlet, narrow between promontory and peninsula at their heads, but widening within into a miniature lake, itself like its mother, Titticaca, sending into its shores bays, lagoons and curious little coves, in every imaginable form. Then there will be a line of perpendicular sea wall, a league or so in length, rising in a sheer cliff, three hundred feet above the bosom of the crystal water, as regular and a thousand times more enduring than any masonry ever wrought by man. Thus promontories, head lands, bays, straits, low peninsulas and bold cliffs alternate, the scene shifting, presenting new pictures, all picturesque, all beautiful, at every mile of progress, like the ever-changing kaleidoscope. While the waters of the lake is studded thick with islands and islands, many of considerable size, others mere emerald specks, dotting like gems the blue tranquil surface, and many others just showing their bare heads of gray, brown, black or variegated rock, making the picture in its entire features one of more than fairy enchantment.

There is no timber of any size suitable for building houses or anything else, hence the huts of the inhabitants living in all this lake region are simply a woven wicker basket, made of the tough grasses and enormous reeds that grow everywhere in great profusion, and being plastered inside and out with the mortar made from a tenacious bluish white clay obtained everywhere about the borders of the lake, and which, after being a few hours laid on, hardens almost into marble, makes the rude domiciles weather proof and very nearly everlasting.

These giant reeds constitute all the fuel used also, and besides fifty other domestic purposes to which they are applied, the people, who are nearly all native Peruvians, weave of reeds and rushes canoes and boats, which being like Noah's great flag ship of the flood, pitched "within and without" with a bitumen found plentifully all about the lake, become perfectly water tight, last a long time, and make really respectable sea-going Titticaca craft. The most expensive and difficult-to-obtain portions of these reed boats are the paddles and rudders, which must necessarily be of wood.

Lake Titticaca is situated near the northern extremity of the immense Andean plateau, which extends from the parallel of 15 deg. to that of 30 deg. south latitude, and individually within a vast basin numbering in square miles not far from fifty thousand, which there is evidence to prove at some *remote* period was entirely filled with the waters of Lake Titticaca, whatever it might have been called then.

It is a well established fact in hydrographical philosophy, that every flowing fountain, spring or natural reservoir must have its source of supplies from a fountain head higher than itself. But in the case of Lake Titticaca this rule fails; for though there are peaks—not very near neighbors, some of whose heads tower ten thousand feet above the surface of the lake, they shed but a small fraction of their melted snow into the great basin—not a fiftieth part so much running in through all the mountain streams together as there is runs out through the river Desaguadero. So as there are no higher peaks on this continent than those lying neighbors to the lake, and all of them nearly being active volcanoes, with an internal structure of everlasting liquid fire, it is not very clear to be understood how they can possibly supply by subterranean channels such clear, ice-cold water as that of the lake; the conclusion comes natural that Titticaca must have some mighty water-works away down underneath which force up the vast supplies to an altitude of more than thirteen thousand feet.

This submerged force-pump theory seems the more probable that the area of the lake is gradually growing less, indicating that the machinery underneath is either failing to perform its work, or that the source of supply is being exhausted. Certain it is that the surface flow towards and into the lake is as great as it ever was.

Another phenomenon, the greatest wonder of all the wonders connected with this singular lake, is the periodical and regular ebb and flow of its waters, it is not a tide, but a simultaneous perpendicular rise and fall over the entire surface at the same time, of from five to nine inches, the average being about seven and a half inches. By observations and careful calculations made at the lake during ten days, we ascertained that these ebbs and flows occurred like those of ocean tides, it being high water always about an hour after the sun's passage of the meridian of the centre of the lake, and highest at full and change of the moon, as the ocean tides are. In short, we were satisfied that if South America were sunk a thousand feet out of sight, and the surface of Titticaca lowered some thirteen thousand feet to the sea level, and it was all ocean from Africa to India, the ebb and flow of tide, though greater, perhaps, would be no more regular than they are in the lake away up there among and above the clouds.

I am not going to seek to induce any one to believe that these periodical ebbs and flows of the water of Lake Titticaca are the results of tide pressure, or interoceanic communication. I shall only observe that such were our conclusions. There is the phenomenon—a fact beyond question—and if any one will present us a theory more likely to be correct, I for one shall offer my thanks.

Lieut. Gibbons says, in relation to Lake Titticaca:—"Finally there will be a single stream flowing through what in future ages may be called the Titticaca Valley."

Now, with all due deference to the opinions and scientific attainments of Lieut. Gibbons, I shall respectfully submit a contrary opinion of my own, offering what seems to me justifiable grounds for doubting the correctness of the lieutenant's conclusions. These are that as the depth of water in the Desaguadero river, nowhere exceeds three fathoms in the first five leagues from the lake, with always a rock bottom, and as in the lake at a league from its outlet, out from the shore, we found seventy-two fathoms, deepening rapidly as we went out until at six leagues from shore our four hundred fathoms of line failed to find us bottom, the inference is pretty plain that in the event of Lake Titticaca's drying up entirely some day, the stream that shall attempt to "flow through what may be called the Valley of Titticaca," will be very likely to tumble into a very deep hole that it will never get out of, run up hill more resolutely than Desaguadero, or else there must be an immense outlay of time and means in digging and deepening that channel, as well as a deep cut to drain Lake Paria.

There is a tradition respecting Lake Titticaca wherein at least three of our popular historians of these South American regions have fallen into an error—not particularly grievous certainly, because the mistake is of no serious consequence. Nevertheless in history, though it be but a helter-skelter, hither-and-thither one like these sketches of South American Civilization, it is always better to be pretty nearly correct historically and geographically, because always some other people than ourselves have been, and may go again over the same ground, and it is never quite pleasant to hear, or know of some one who knows, saying:—"That's a *stretcher!*" of our stories, however elastic we may be disposed to be.

These historians have it that in their tradition, the Peruvians claim Atalpa as their first Inca (First mistake. It is *Monica*.) Then that he was a white man. (Correct.) That he came us out of the depths of Lake Titticaca. (Error No. 2.) I have here under my eye, written down from the lips of native Peruvians as intelligent, perhaps, as there are any in South America—the whole tradition, clear, succinct and consecutive, telling us that Lake *Thayondega*, a water wonder lying at the base of Mount Illimana on its north-east side towards Sorato, was the birth place of *Monica* the first Peruvian Inca, who was a white man, cotemporary with, and adviser and friend of Solomon, King of Israel—that he brought up his beautiful queen also out of the depths of Lake Thayondega; and of all the wonderful things in arts and science and domestic duties that were taught the Peruvian people by the white Inca and his beautiful white empress, and of the magnificent sun temples reared by Monica, and of his mighty power and great conquests—patience, if you please. We shall come to them down in the Valley of *Thayondega* if we live long enough.

In the Andes one need never go very far out of his way to find an adventure of some sort. Usually, however, adventures are met by looking for them. But we had one that lasted us an afternoon and a night, and some of us a forenoon also, that overtook us unlooked for; though I confess we did put ourselves very imprudently in the way of being overtaken.

As recklessly and just as foolishly as we had done four-score other silly things, we chartered, one day, of the Indians, as many of their bullrush-bitumen barks as there were individuals of our party, so that each one had a ship to himself or herself, and went out to sea from the eastern side of the lake, the intention being to catch fish, and see something nearer a group of pretty islands lying some three leagues off shore.

Well, we caught fish—some fine ones, and navigated through, between and among the islands, each one paddling his or her own canoe, until about noon we congregated on the western side of the group, and there being in sight outside of us—some two leagues distant—another archipelago more enchanting than that we had just explored, and the breeze being fair, half the party proposed a run down to the islands, and the other half instantly said: "Yes, let us go."

So setting our rush-mat sails, away we went merrily enough for two miles or so, and then we went a good deal further, a great deal faster, and not near so merrily. There came swirling across the lake and over the islands we had just left, one of those furious snow squalls for which Lake Titticaca at particular seasons is notorious, enveloping our rush fleet in a driving snow cloud, separating and sending us skittering away before the mad snow storm like thistle-downs twirled along before a thundergust.

Nothing could drown our bitumen-pitched barks—we had learned that. We knew they would live out, like a sea-gull, any rough weather that Lake Titticaca could muster. But we did not know, until we knew it by experience, how suddenly such a squall could scatter and mismate us. We had been sailing in couples, everybody keeping close in company with their legitimate consorts. But in less than fifteen minutes we were as demoralized and jumbled up as if we had sailed our canoes over Niagara falls and been churned up in the whirlpool seven days. No one had his own wife, no woman her husband, and nearly every soul fell in and went on with a partner that did not belong to him or her.

O'Harra was scudding off in company with Senora Monteiro, Doctor Bond got Kate for a partner, Monteiro Kith, Dona Minnie fell to Cato—his little *lavandiera* wife fell to our Buffalonian Harry White, Cosmo came in for a sail with our glorious little Neapolitan, and so we went kiting towards the islands—a wholesale elopement; every man running off with some other man's wife or sister, and every woman going to leeward with some man she had no business with.

By a miracle, or something very near it, we managed to "fetch land," and divided the archipelago among the party so fairly that we had each pair of us an island to ourselves, our Queen of Naples and Cosmo happening to hit together one of the first we came to; and there being no better shelter, we drew our light rush canoes well up from the water, turning one bottomside up over the other, crawled into the shell, wrapped our heavy *ponchas* close about us and snuggled down very close together; and confident that though separated, neither ourselves or friends were, or were likely to be, totally lost, we quietly discussed the situation, waiting for the storm to go by until the day had gone, and then as we could do nothing better, we went ourselves to sleep.

So we passed the night, and at sunrise set out in search of our *companieros*, some of whom we soon found searching like ourselves, while a few were not gathered up until nearly noon. When all were once more together, we voted that sailing singly on Lake Titticaca in a snow storm was not the most pleasant pastime; and although sleeping out, as we had done, was comfortable enough, it was not a practice that we cared to make a rule of.

A Young Lady's Adventure with a Praying Lunatic.

The English cars, or carriages, as they call them, are divided into compartments. A gentleman, travelling alone in one of these was murdered a few months since, as our readers will remember. A young lady recently saved her life only by her presence of mind, as will be seen by the following account:—

At Hanwell, recently, a young lady was put into a train alone to go to London. As the train was on the point of starting, a gentleman rushed up and got in. Shortly after the train had started, the gentleman jumped up and exclaimed—"This carriage is too heavy, it must be lighted," and straitway his carpet-bag disappeared out of the window. He sits still a few minutes, when he begins again, and this time his coat and waistcoat follow his bag.

After a little while he said—"Let us pray for the Duke of Gloucester." Down they go on their knees, the poor girl, only seventeen, too frightened to do anything but obey. When this was done, they prayed for the Duke of York, and then for another—in fact, through a whole string of dukes; then they sit down, the young lady frightened out of her senses.

After a few minutes he begins again:—

"It won't do; I can't stand it; the train is too heavy, either you or I must get out; I don't want to, so you must go."

The girl, in despair, says:—

"But we have not prayed for the Duke of Northumberland."

"Ah, no more we have."

Down they go on their knees, when luckily the train stopped at a station, and the young lady called the guard, when it was discovered that the gentleman was a lunatic, escaped from Hanwell.

The Soul Made Visible.

Every one knows that in every human face there is an impalpable, immaterial something, which we call "expression," which seems to be, as it were, "the soul made visible." Where minds live in the region of pure thoughts and happy emotions, the felicities and sanctities of the inner temple shine out through the mortal tenement, and play over it like lambent flame. The incense makes the whole altar sweet; and we can understand what the poet means when he says that—

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

On the other hand, no man can lead a gormandizing, sordid or licentious life, and still wear a countenance hallowed and sanctified with a halo of peace and joy.—*Horace Mann.*

Paint.

Some years ago, two physicians of the village of P——, in the state of Massachusetts, met on the highway; one of them, with somewhat rubicund face, riding in a rickety old one-horse wagon, and the other in a handsome carriage, newly painted and varnished in a very good style.

"Doctor," said the first, "I have a more extensive and lucrative practice than you, and yet I can't afford to ride in anything better than this old affair, while you have, as I see, a nice carriage, and that all painted up anew. Will you explain to me how this can be so?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the other, "that's easily done. It doesn't cost half as much to paint my carriage as it does to paint your face!"

☞ The Pall Mall Gazette has a good story about one of "H. B. M." captains, who, having been placed under arrest, was requested to give up his sword. This he declined to do, expressing regret that he did not possess one; that he was in the habit of hiring the necessary article from Messrs. So-and-So, the eminent tailors for a small stipend monthly; that he had no doubt the same firm would let it to him (the applicant) on the same terms; and that, having got possession of it, he trusted he would find it a more remunerative and less troublesome burden than it had been to himself.

☞ A young lady, only the other day, asked me: "What is your favorite flower?" As she was a fashionable lady, I supposed, of course, she referred to household matters and innocently answered "extra family." For some reason or other, all the females in the room set up the endless giggle they are so famous for.

☞ A young gentleman suffering from too strong a sensation of the more tender feelings, defines his complaint as an attack of *lass*-itude.

☞ A worldly-wise exhibitor at a late agricultural fair in Connecticut divided a bushel of peaches, entering one half in his own name, and the other in the name of a gentleman of some prominence in the vicinity. His own half was unnoticed, but the other half bushel took the prize, proving there is something in a name.

☞ WHAT CONSTITUTES A FORTUNE?—The New York World states that Commodore Vanderbilt intends to retire from active business "as soon as he obtains a competence," and then quietly adds that his estate is now estimated at "only fifty millions."

A Lady's Thimble Sends Lightning Across the Atlantic.

A curious incident of ocean telegraphy is thus related by the London Times:

"The contents of a lady's thimble would hardly be expected to constitute a very powerful instrument. It would scarcely have been thought capable of one of the most astonishing feats ever performed by science. The Chairman, however, of the Atlantic Telegraph Company informs us that this little instrument has actually achieved such a feat. By way of experiment, the engineer of the company joined the extremities of the two cables which now stretch across the Atlantic, thus forming an immense loop line of three thousand seven hundred miles. He then put some acid in a lady's silver thimble, with bits of zinc and copper, and by this simple agency he succeeded in passing signals through the whole length in little more than a second of time. A few years ago, how incredible such a statement would have sounded! It seems, indeed, that the simplicity of the fact has taken even electricians by surprise. When a cable was first laid across the whole breadth of the Atlantic, it was anticipated that an unusually high power would be requisite to drive the current in sufficient force through such a length. In the first instance, therefore, they used a battery with fifty cells, and afterward employed five hundred cells. But this extraordinary power only injured the cable, and the company are now working between Valentia and Heart's Content with a battery of only twenty cells. It is, in fact, remarkable how greatly the success of the present year has dissipated the supposed difficulties of distant or deep-sea telegraphy."

Economy in Coal.

As the wintry weather is with us once again, and fires are necessary to domestic comfort, a few hints, condensed from a diffuse scientific article, will be found of interest. Some housekeepers, in the management of their fires, seem to suppose that an addition of fuel will insure increased combustion, and develope additional heat. No idea can be more mistaken. Coal, and especially anthracite coal, should be always furnished with a sufficient amount of oxygen to keep the fire bright. It is only smothering and retarding the fire to put in a thick layer of coal, or, as some do, fill the fire-box, from a layer of two inches of ignited coal, to its utmost capacity, with fresh fuel. No more coal should be put upon a fire at one time than will readily ignite and give off a pure white blaze—not a blue flame, which denotes the presence of unconsumed gases—and the fire should be undisturbed on the top. Another point in coal economy:—In clearing the grate in the morning there is a quantity of unburned coal, which has been externally subjected to combustion. It is covered with ash, and looks like cinder. It is often dumped into the ash-box. The fact is, that the lump is only roasted on the outside, not even cooked, and is in a better condition for igniting than the green coal. Never waste it. Attention to these few hints will save many dollars in a winter.

☞ Marriage is not commonly unhappy, but as life is unhappy; and most of those who complain of connubial miseries, have as much satisfaction as their natures would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

☞ One of Mr. Lincoln's Secretaries, in his "White House Sketches," tells of a personal peculiarity in him we have not seen mentioned. His writing was done when alone, and was rarely corrected, either by himself or others. He composed slowly, and when done, was accustomed to read his manuscript over aloud, "to see how it sounded, as he could hardly judge of a thing by merely reading it."

☞ In four months time there were 15,808 deaths from cholera in Holland; in Belgium, 16,599.

☞ While the celebrated giant Ching (height about eight feet, weight twenty stone) was on exhibition at Worcester, England, the prodigy stumbled, and one rolled two living bodies, one of which had been hoisted "a top o' t'other."

☞ In East Gloucester, Mass., the other day, a little boy died from eating raw carrot. It was so hard in his stomach that it produced a stoppage, and he died in six hours, despite all that medical skill could do.

☞ "Old Abe," the Wisconsin eagle, is going to the Paris Exhibition.

☞ At the North Pole, go whatever way you will, you go due south; and at the utmost height of joy you can move only toward sorrow.

☞ A DAY'S DELAY.—The infuriated gentleman who missed being married for twenty-four hours on account of the delay at a draw-bridge on the New Haven road, threatens to sue the company "for not making connections."

☞ There are 20,000 widows and 60,000 orphans in Alabama, three-fourths of them utterly destitute.

☞ A Chinese family has a genealogical table reaching back four thousand years.

☞ A thunderbolt, from a perfectly cloudless sky, struck a church and three dwelling houses at Rising Sun, Indiana, a few days ago. It killed a girl, and stripped all the clothing from a boy, whom, strange to say, it only stunned.

☞ The Mayor of Halifax, England, at a recent public dinner, stated that an application had been made to him by an Irishman for a testimonial of character. The Mayor told him he had never seen him before. The Irishman promptly answered: "Faith, your worship, and that is the very reason I come to you. I have never been summoned before you or fined, and you never had any trouble with me."

☞ Kate Parcell has been held in $300 bail in Pittsburg, on the charge of being "a common scold."

☞ INFLUENCE OF WATER ON THE PRODUCTION OF MILK.—The recent experiments of M. Dumoisean and others show that the abundant secretion of milk is directly dependent on the abundant drinking of water. In former researches, which tended to prove the opposite conclusion, there was not sufficient allowance made for the quantity of water contained in the food given to the cows upon which the experiments were conducted.

☞ They tell of a boy of sixteen in Florida, who this season cultivated sixteen acres in corn and five in cotton, housed 272 bushels of corn, and picked for the gin two and a half bales of cotton.

☞ The editor of the Circleville (O.) Union says that during 34 years of service, he wrote 8,000 columns, and all for victuals and clothes.

☞ Florence Maryatt having dedicated her last novel, "Too Good for Him," to her husband, the wits make fun out of the conjunction.

For the Young Folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Noddles were playing backgammon, as Mr. Crummels stepped in the parlor. After the usual salutations, Mr. C. addressed himself thus to Mr. N., who was about to make a throw of the dice: "Excuse me, madam, for interrupting your game; but if you will keep your dice concealed from me, and perform a few arithmetical problems for me, I will tell you what you throw."

"Very well, I am beating Mr. Noddles very rapidly, so he will be glad to have the game interrupted," said Mrs. N., "and now, there, the throw is made."

"Then I shall trouble you to double the number of one of the dice, mentally, of course."

"Consider that done."

"Add five to this result."

"Done."

"Multiply this sum by five."

"Result ready."

"Add the number of spots on the second die."

"Yes."

"Multiply this by ten."

"Finished."

"Add the number of last die."

"With pleasure."

"Now please give me the result."

"Seven hundred and six."

"Then you throw a four, a five, and a six."

"Correct and remarkable; but now for the how thereof."

"The method is simple; double the number of the first die, add five to this result, and then multiply by five. Add the value of the second die to the result so obtained, and multiply by ten. Finally add the value of the last die, and from this sum subtract 250, the remaining figures will give you the value of the die, *in the order in which you considered them.*"

"Would it make any difference if I had commenced with the six?"

"Not the slightest—for instance:"

Say the first die was	6
Multiply by	2
	12
Add 5	5
	17
Multiply by	5
	85
Add second die	5
	90
Multiply by	10
	900
Add last die	4
	904
Subtract	250
	654

"Six being first die, five the second, and four the last; you may turn it about as you like, the result will always come in the order in which you consider the numbers."

"Very good, and the reason quite plain; but we will not bother ourselves with that now," said Mr. Noddles.

The Doctor at this moment came in.

"We have just had a new arithmetical puzzle, Doctor, which we think we will keep a secret from you, Doctor, so that you shall not know everything."

"Very well, then, Mr. Noddles, I shall be under the painful necessity of concealing from you the method of drinking porter when contained in the same glass with water, without drinking the water, even though the latter should come to the edge of the glass."

"That would be very painful," said Mr. N. "I am fond of my glass of porter, and I don't like it mixed with water. Accidents will happen. I will—yes, I will, Doctor, I recall the rash words of a few moments ago; I will reveal the dread secret of Arithmetical Demon—and you shall give to me the charm of the Gnome of the Double X. So Mr. Crummel's puzzle was explained, and then the Doctor was called upon for the porter and water experiment. Mr. Noddles had a bottle of porter brought, and uncorked. The Doctor poured out a full glass and drank it off.

"Come, come, Doctor, that porter was not contained in a glass with water."

"I was merely *tasting* to see whether it were genuine; there is enough left for the experiment."

Then the Doctor poured out about half a glass of the porter, and asked for a thin piece of muslin. This obtained, he filtered through it and upon the porter, enough water to fill the glass. All stood around and admired the way in which the water, being lighter than porter, kept its position. But still they were slightly puzzled to know how he would drink the porter without mingling therewith the water.

"Come, Doctor, you are to drink, you know," said Mr. Crummels.

"One minute," said the Doctor, as he produced a stout straw from his coat pocket. After seeing that it was perfectly sound, he held his finger over one end, and deftly filled it with a couple of drops of porter from the bottle. Then he plunged the open end into the glass, still keeping his finger on the other end. After waiting a few moments, he began the suction process, and slowly absorbed all the porter from the bottom, until he left the glass quite clear, and containing only water, as far as the eye could detect it."

"Very well done," was the general verdict. "None but a man who dislikes water as a beverage thoroughly, would ever have found that out," said Mr. Noddles, slyly.

The Doctor did not heed the bitter insinuation, but went on to say that water might be drunk from beneath brandy or other spirits equally well—indeed, that any two fluids would answer, if there were only a difference in the specific gravity of the two. Also that the experiment might be varied in many ways—as, for instance, the hands in West India rum distilleries, when they want a bottle of spirits, take a bottle of water (full) and plunge the neck into the bung-hole of a barrel of rum (the rum must come to the mouth of the bottle). The spirits being lighter than the water, the latter slowly runs out of the bottle, while the former runs up into it, the result being, that the admirer of new rum has a bottle of that most destructive fluid, and the barrel is left as full as ever.

☞ Lager beer, it seems, has become what may be called a "naturalized" American beverage, for the amount manufactured in this country is said to exceed the amount made in Europe.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM ENGRAVING.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" have resolved to reduce their terms to club subscribers for the coming year, and to offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up the clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We design commencing, in the first number of January, a new story, called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," have been so eagerly read in our paper during the present year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

Special Offer to New Subscribers.

New subscribers for 1867, will have their names entered on our list the very week their names are received. Thus new subscribers who send on their names by the first of November, will receive THE POST for November and December, in addition to the whole of 1867—making Fourteen Months in all. Those who send by the first of December, will receive Thirteen Months. This is both a liberal and an unusual offer—and will probably never be repeated.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) - - - - - - $2.50

CLUBS.

2 copies - - - - - -	$4.00	14 copies (and one to getter-up of club)	$26.00
4 " - - - - - -	8.00	20 " " " "	36.00
5 " (and one to getter-up of club	8.00	28 " " " "	52.00
8 " " "	12.00	1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend	4.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

No. 1.	For 4 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth - - -	$3.00
" 2.	For 8	"	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth - - -	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth - - -	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth - - -	7.00
				or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth - - -	10.00
				or a Silver Plated Castor, worth - - -	10.00
No. 3.	For 10 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth - - - -	12.00
				or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth - - - -	12.00
" 4.	For 12	"	"	a Boy's Washing Machine, worth - - - -	14.00
" 5.	For 16	"	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth - - - -	20.00
" 6.	For 20	"	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth - - - -	25.00
" 7.	For 24	"	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth - - - -	30.00
" 8.	For 30	"	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth - - -	35.00
" 9.	For 30	"	"	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth - - -	85.00
" 10.	For 40	"	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth - - -	50.00
" 11.	For 50	"	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth - - - -	75.00
" 12.	For 50	"	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth - - -	60.00
" 13.	For 60	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth - - -	70.00
" 14.	For 75	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth - - -	110.00
" 15.	For 75	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth - - - -	110.00
" 16.	For 200	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth - - - -	200.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list, is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail prices of the articles in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or for The Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to them only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engravings at once.

THE PREMIUMS.

No. 1. The Propeller Pencil is made of Gutta Percha, with 16 carat gold mounting, finely chased. It is both useful and handsome.

No. 2. The Silver Plated Spoons, and Forks, and Castors are of the first quality, heavily plated on good white metal. The pattern is good, and they are the workmanship of one of the best makers. The castors contain six cut glass bottles, and are revolving.

The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We offer the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

No. 7. Is also a Silver Lever Watch with a hunting case, and a finer finished article than No. 5.

No. 8. Is Allen's Patent, *Breech Loading* Rifle—large bore. One of the best of the breech-loaders.

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LOVE AND AGE.

BY THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you, very dearly—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking,—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another:
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression;—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christened:—
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire grey;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure,—
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

HE AND I.

"Candidly, do you believe in love at first sight, Amy?"

A young man asked the question, looking up from the novel he was reading. And a young girl, probably his cousin, blushed as she replied, "She did not know."

I forget what else passed. They were only fellow-travellers in a railway-carriage. My friend, Mrs. Murray, who was taking me to her home, called my attention to some place of interest we were passing, and the young man resumed his book.

But the question recurred to me; and as I leaned back in my corner I tried to answer it for myself, and to solve a little mystery that puzzled me.

Three times had I met a gentleman, a handsome young man, tall, dark, and listless. We had never spoken, but his notice of me had attracted my attention. At a ball he followed me about, changed color when our eyes met, but did not seek an introduction.

At a concert he had stared me almost out of countenance, yet gravely, almost respectfully.

At a pic-nic—the last time I had seen him—he was happy, laughing and talking till he saw me, when his manner became constrained, and in a few minutes he left the party.

There was a strange fascination in his large dark eyes, and I wondered if I should ever meet him again.

He must have had some reason for noticing me so strangely, for I was not pretty. No, no! It could not be love at first sight, could it?

We arrived at The Meadows late in the evening. Mrs. Murray introduced me to her daughter Lydia, a lady some fifteen years older than myself. She was the only child at home. Mr. John was married, and had the rectory. George, the eldest son, was travelling abroad.

Mrs. Murray and my mother had been school-friends, but had been separated for years, and so were comparative strangers till they met again in society, and Mrs. Murray asked me to spend two or three months with her in the country, to recruit my strength after the fatigue of a London season.

The day after our arrival Lydia showed me over the house and grounds. Harold, Mr. John's eldest child, eight years old, came with us.

The conservatory door was locked. Miss Murray left us to fetch the key. Harold remained talking.

"I shall have this horrid old place pulled down!" he said, pulling at some ivy that clustered round the turret. He looked at me as though expecting an answer, then resumed: "Pa says, if *he* has it he shan't stay at the church. He shall pull this down; if *he* don't, *I* shall."

"But this is your uncle's place," said I.

"My uncle! He won't live long. My ma says uncle George is a bad man—a wicked man. Don't you think he is a wicked man?"

"No," said I, though I knew nothing of him. "Little boys—" I began impressively; but his aunt returned, and the conversation ended.

"The place would be very different if poor George were here," said Lydia, sadly.

"Does he never live here?" I inquired.

Miss Murray looked at me keenly.

"Live here! No, never. He *stays* for a week or two sometimes."

"Perhaps some day he will marry and settle."

"Never!" said Lydia, stooping to pick a flower. "Have you not heard about him?"

"Heard what?" said I.

"I shall not be a raven and tell you. You will learn soon enough."

Harold was standing in the doorway looking back at us. He had large brown eyes, and something in them made me fancy I had seen him before, though I knew I had not.

So there was a secret in the family—some mystery about the eldest son. Perhaps I was wrong, but I did wish to find it out; indeed I did.

I had been at The Meadows nearly a month before an opportunity occurred. Then I paid a visit to the rectory, taking my work, that I might spend the day there. Mrs. Murray, I fancied, got tired of having to entertain me, and Lydia liked to have some time to herself.

Mrs. John and I were friends, so could speak freely to each other.

"Are you engaged?" said Mrs. John.

"No," said I, fancying she alluded to an opal and diamond ring I always wore.

"Some girls are, so young. How old are you?"

"Eighteen. Not so *very* young."

"No, not so very young," said Mrs. John, meditatively. "I was only seventeen when I was engaged."

"That was very young to marry."

"Oh, I was more than that when I married. Mamma could not bear the idea—a second son, you know. It was *not* a good match then; but I always said I would marry for love. *Now* they are pleased enough; for poor George is really nobody; only he keeps John out of the place at present. Eventually Harold must have the estate. It is entailed."

"But there is an elder brother?" said I.

"To my husband? Yes; but since that affair of his he will never marry, and John comes next. Sad affair, that! I always pity poor George."

Mrs. John said this very comfortably, in the same way one pities a tradesman for having to reduce the price of his goods, while rejoicing in the opportunity of buying them cheaply.

"Is he very unhappy?"

As I said this I hated myself for asking it. I know if I had been right (as some would say, "commonly honest,") I should have declined to hear anything Lydia would not tell me. Like a good child I should have said, "Thank you, I must not listen. He would not like it;" but "*mieère!*" as a French friend of mine used to exclaim, I am one of Eve's true daughters, and the temptation was irresistible. I yielded to curiosity.

"Well, yes;" said Mrs. John, "for the world is not charitable. *Of course we* know the truth, and we don't really condemn him. But he takes it to heart (perhaps to conscience, and that is as bad,) though it may be a shadow, after all—*it may be.*"

Mrs. John emphasised the last three words, and her straight lips again made a corresponding line to the faint straight eyebrows that met over her nose, and disappeared behind the set curls arranged on either side of her face.

"It is a pity he should mind a shadow—"

I spoke awkwardly, conscious of trespassing on a forbidden subject.

Mrs. John looked up at me.

"I thought all the world knew his history," she said; "quite romantic it is, and sad. You know he was a surgeon. Before his father had this property left him by his brother, the boys were brought up to professions. My husband to the church, to take this living. George chose to be a surgeon, so he became one; and clever, too, I believe—very clever. Well, he had good expectations, so was in a good deal of society; and in the course of his practice met a young lady whom he liked; in fact, fell in love with. I suppose she returned the affection, for they were engaged (this was before I was married.) Well, Miss Chester, Colonel Chester's daughter, was rich; at least, her father was rich; the estates were left by will in this way: if Colonel Chester died without boys, but leaving a daughter, that daughter might inherit; *but*, if there was a son, all landed property was to go to the son, however young; and only some dower to be paid to Miss Chester. An unlucky kind of arrangement, wasn't it? Well, Colonel Chester had but this one daughter till he married again; then he had *one son*. *Well*, that child was born after George was engaged to Miss Chester; and when it was a year, or perhaps eighteen months old, it became ill—some childish illness, and—*the child died.*"

I echoed Mrs. John's interjection, "Well?"

"*Well?* don't you see. George had attended it; was it not awkward? George had never been a favorite with the Colonel, and he became suspicious, and had his prescriptions looked at, and the matter judged by other physicians; for Colonel Chester is an old man, and just mad at losing the child. They said it was right enough, quite right—medical men always hang together, you know—but the child had not died of any acute disease; it had died of an over-dose of medicine. It was, of course, the chemist's fault, but—you see how it stands—awkward for poor George."

"He could not help it," said I.

"My dear, he was there three times a-day to see the child (and Miss Chester,) and the child died; the little child died. The world is not charitable!"

"Nor are you," thought I, but I only said, "And Miss Chester?"

"Her father told George what he suspected of him. He, of course, gave her up on the spot. I don't know what became of her. George will never marry, *impossible:* but he wanders about like a ghost, and I do pity him. It was a great temptation for a young man without means. He had not succeeded to The Meadows then, you know. It was a great temptation."

"A little child!" said I.

Mrs. John seemed surprised and half-alarmed at the distress I could not help feeling, so probably betraying; in justification of herself, she added:

"It was very awkward for him—very—and people *will* judge; and, my dear, the fact remains, whether it was the chemist or not," said Mrs. John, before taking up her baby from the sofa where it had been sleeping. "The fact remains," said Mrs. John, stroking baby's ruddy cheek and fat arm, "though babies live through a great deal, *this little child died!*"

Two shadows fell across the window. Mrs. John had turned to take her baby to the nursery, and did not observe them till she was just leaving the room. Then she said—

"Talk of an angel, and you are sure to see its wings!" She stood in the doorway a moment, and nodded and smiled before closing the door and retiring. Her husband entered the room by the window that opened to the lawn. After him came another gentleman. I looked up, and recognised the mysterious gentleman of the concert, the ball, and the pic-nic.

"Ah! Miss Christensen!" said Mr. John; "let me introduce you to my brother George. This young lady is at your house, George, with your mother."

Mr. Murray bowed, and his color changed as he watched me collect my work and materials, and prepare to leave the room.

"Pray don't let me frighten you away," he said. "I shall be home soon."

They were such common-place words, but my face crimsoned, and I was glad when Mrs. John came in. She was smiling most affectionately, and apparently had forgotten the conversation that I would have given anything not to have shared. She noticed my confusion, but did not know I had met him before; nor did she notice that his hand trembled when at parting it touched mine, but it did. I knew now whose eyes I had recognized when I saw Harold.

When I returned home, Mrs. Murray was expecting her son, for his man and luggage were there already.

"It is just like him," said Lydia; "he comes and goes like Will o' the Wisp; perhaps you may induce him to stay a little longer this time."

Again I blushed.

"Did I offend you, dear?" said Lydia, kindly, and she passed her arm round my shoulders, and we walked up and down the terrace together.

"No," said I, "not in the least; if I influence Mr. Murray at all, it will be to drive him away."

Then I told her of our meetings, but of course I was careful in what I said.

"He is very strange and moody at times, my dear; you must not notice him."

In the evening he came home, but he was not strange or moody, and during the whole six weeks he stayed I found him rather the reverse—pleasant, kind, considerate. He was always waiting on his mother, going about with Lydia, and rather avoiding me, still in a kind, gentlemanly way. So matters went on, till one evening I stood on the lawn with baby in my arms. It was a glorious sunset; the brothers returned from their walk, and came to my side. Mr. George Murray had a rosebud in his hand, and held it to the child. The little thing laughed and talked at it in baby fashion, and stretched out her little hand to take it from him. Her hand touched his. He trembled, dropped the bud, and turned away. Mr. John was good-natured, and, I believe, sincerely fond of his brother; he took the child from my arms, smiled sympathisingly at George, and ran into the house to his wife, who had been spending the whole day with us. Mr. George looked very handsome with the sunshine lurking in his soft glossy beard, the rest of his face in deep shadow from the broad brim of the felt hat he wore pressed close on his brow. I was sorry for him, but I did not dare break the silence, though it was awkward, and we were quite alone. We came back to the house side by side; as we passed the drawing-room window we heard Mrs. John's cold voice say precisely,—

"Any one would think they were lovers!"

He looked keenly in my face. I am afraid a blush was there. He passed on to the library: and when I rose the next morning I heard that he was gone. Lydia was distressed and out of spirits. We wandered together over the house and grounds, and walked with Mrs. Murray to the rectory, where she always spent the first days of George's absence. When we returned, I went with Lydia to her brother's room to put away the many pretty things she had arranged to welcome him when he came home.

"He has not stayed so long for years," said Lydia, as she disconsolately collected the pipes that had been left scattered on a side-table. "I can't think what sent him away again so suddenly, poor fellow!"

I did not speak; I dared not tell her Mrs. John's remark then. So I sat, idly looking from the window, and Lydia busied herself with the dressing-table. There were some papers there, left all together just as they had been sorted out to take. Mr. George must have gone off in a hurry at last, and so have forgotten them. Lydia looked through them listlessly, saying, "Perhaps I must send them on!" Suddenly her hand stopped turning the crisp leaves, and an exclamation burst from her lips. I rose and looked over her shoulder. In her hand she held a small square paper, that might once have been a leaf in a sketch-book. On it a girl's head had been roughly drawn in pencil. The hair waved off the temples, the eyes looked up anxiously, pleadingly. The lips were slightly apart. Round the throat a little ribbon was tied, and on the ribbon hung a small locket. Beneath the drawing the letters D. C. were written, and these two words, "Kyrie Eleison." It was not an artist's sketch; it was the drawing of a hand that loved. Lydia held up the sketch, and placed her finger on the looking-glass before us. The reflection was reproduced in the sketch. I turned away, for it was my own reflection that I saw, and I was sorry to have stumbled on another of his secrets. But my heart bounded, and a new life seemed to come to my soul. Lydia put her arm round me and kissed me.

"My dear, a red rose; mind, a full, rich crimson rose, from the second standard in the large conservatory, and your long white dress."

It was Lydia that spoke; she had come to bid me good-by for the afternoon. She was called from home, she said. I must excuse her and try to amuse myself. A bright bloom was on her cheek, and she looked quite young again, though she was dressed soberly in black with only a violet ribbon to relieve it. Those delicious hours of solitude, if solitude it could be called! No, no; it was life! new life! a happiness too great to realize—luxurious; a holy future, in a sweet uncertainty and shadowy brightness. One figure, one face, in a thousand reflections, precluded the idea of solitude. I was companioned by the future. The evening came, so quickly. I must dress for Lydia's return. The rose was plucked. I was fastening it in my hair when she came softly to my room. She had been crying, though evidently she tried to compose herself.

"My dear," she said, drawing me down to the sofa at her side; "do you think we are responsible for the evil we unconsciously bring on others?"

"Certainly not," said I, my mind going to George and his mistake.

She leant her head upon my shoulder, and a tear dropped on my hand, as she whispered,

"I have done you a real wrong. I have been a Judas to you, and betrayed you by a kiss!"

I did not know myself or my weakness; actually I was ill. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. John thought I had taken cold. Lydia knew differently. She kept my secret and nursed me kindly. When I was recovering she told me it was Miss Chester's portrait I had seen; D. C. was not Dora Christensen, but Delicia Chester. It was my resemblance to Miss Chester that had brought me so much notice from Mr. Murray.

I hated myself for the mistake, and my hatred only increased the evil. For weeks I lay ill at The Meadows.

Lydia would blame herself for showing me the portrait. But we both felt that there is a mystery in sequence—circumstance must follow circumstance. One link cannot be severed in the chain of fate. And the weary days of illness and convalescence passed on; and after a time my mother took me across the Channel to Dieppe. We were *en route* for Geneva; but I was weak, and we waited at Dieppe for a few days to rest. We used to watch the steamers come in. It was the autumn, and there were not a great many passengers. As the boat neared the shore the day before we intended to leave, I recognized a pair of dark eyes looking up at me. Mr. George Murray was on board. I fainted. When I recovered, Lydia was bending over me, and though we were in an open carriage in the public road, she kissed me as she said,

"Silly girl!"

We did not leave Dieppe that day. In the evening Lydia and I walked out together, to have a chat, she said, about old times; but that seemed scarcely her intention, for when we were alone together she was unusually silent. We were on the pier. I sat down to rest, and Lydia, with some unintelligible excuse, left me. I leaned against the parapet, watching a boat come in. The tide was dead ahead; the wind only a cross wind, so the task of bringing her in was not an easy one. It was only a fishing-boat; four men were in it; each had an oar; still, as they passed the crucifix at either side, each raised his hat and signed the cross upon his breast, and seemed to breathe a prayer.

"Do they lose or gain by that act?"

I started so when I heard the question. It was Mr. Murray who put it.

"They lose a wave," said I. "It is a question."

"They believe they gain. It may be superstition; still I think there is some reality in their idea. The loss is a gain. The boat is a trifle longer in getting in;—each man is nearer to his home."

I did not understand, for my brain was stupid, and I felt ashamed at seeing him again: but he said no more about the boat or the men, though we watched them out of sight. Then he sat down at my side. I felt his brown eyes on me; but what passed next I can never write. It is only for him and me. The minutes passed on, each bearing away a pain from my heart. He told me he had come to Dieppe on purpose to see me, and with the remainder of his life endeavor to banish the remembrance of the mistake that had cost me so much. And I could only weep and weep, till Lydia came back to put his hand in mine, and ask if I would be her sister.

It is all told now. A month after, we left Dieppe; and were married by special license before he took me home to The Meadows his wife. Mrs. Murray was glad to welcome me, and have her eldest boy near her, happy—though Mrs. John was not so pleased as she might have been. And George and I talk freely of the past; and I, too, have learnt to sympathize in Miss Chester's sorrow, when she wrote those two sad words beneath the sketch Colonel Chester permitted him to make from her a few days before her death.

Some day I am to travel, and stop in Madeira, to visit the English cemetery and see her grave. Still he carries the sketch; but the mystery is gone between us, and we are very strangely happy—he and I. He does not tremble at my baby, though often I see the little fingers twine round his; indeed, I think he likes to feel the strange soft touch of baby's cheek against his own.

M. B.

WILLIE.

Willie came to me a wooing—
Fie! Willie, fie!
To no purpose all your suing,
I'll not wed—not I.

Willie only came more often—
Fie! Willie, fie!
All your talking ne'er can soften
Such a maid as I.

Still he came, and still he pleaded—
Fie! Willie, fie!
Sure such rash vows ne'er were needed:
I'll not wed—not I.

That is, stupid! not at present—
Go, Willie, go;
Such rude questions are unpleasant—
Can't you take a No?

Begging, supplicating, pressing;
No, Willie, no!
All at once—'twas quite distressing—
Willie turned to go.

When I found I couldn't get him
Aught more sweet to say—
Go—*of course*, I couldn't let him—
Willie, darling!—stay.

The Beauty of Old People.

Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than upon a lip of seventeen.

There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with grand-children around its knee, than in the ball-room or promenade. Husband and wife, who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's alter ego. He has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood.

☞ The natural powers of man cannot distinguish a smaller space of time than one-tenth of a second.

Know-Nothingism.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Women don't know much. There needs no voice from Heaven to tell us that. Women are all fools, said a very old gentleman, a little time ago. That was putting it rather perpendicularly. But it isn't I who will be after disputing him. I can't. Strike! but hear me, fellow-sisters. Let me tell you what a young lady said. She was a blooming maiden. Her damask cheek had been gently kissed by the winged zephyrs of eighteen summers and a-half. (Poetical language.) She had passed through a hall of learning and come out. Her hair was ratted and moused. And she is a lovely dancer, besides being an amiable young lady. It is the boast of her parental relatives that she is innocent as a lamb. There are those who expect a large slice of celestial bliss on account of their ancestry. There are those whose pride is in the pills and drops they have taken. And ever and anon you will see a human goat who glories in the length and bristle of his fiery red beard. Merit is a matter of taste. There is a man in the state of Blank who claims a superiority because he was once arrested as a burglar. But the parents of ye said maiden entitle themselves to a high seat because their daughter never read a bad book. Never read a bad book. It is altogether likely. Nor any other. She is innocent as a wax doll, and knows nearly as much. She is pleasing to the heart of male man because she is so ignorant of the wickedness in this world. I should say she was. A gentleman was pointing out to her the well-known picture of Raphael, in blue cap and crimson mantle, with head leaning on his hand.

"Who is it?" says this bread and butter angel.

"Raphael," says the gentleman.

"*How pretty she is, isn't she?*" answered this lovely maiden.

Yet another: In a certain town dwells a middle-aged lady who is one of good society's foundation stones. There is no doubt of it, because she has her bonnets made in Paris, and often talks of "mechanics and low people." Said a person to her:

"There has been a riot in San Francisco."

"San Francisco? Where is that?" says upper ten-ess.

"In California," says he.

"Is it, really?" says she.

The gentleman said not a word, but, after the fashion of Lorenzo Dow's expiring Christian, "casting a look upward, he went out like the snuff of a candle, without terror."

And at this moment there is a famous city belle, who, were it to save her life from the gallows, could not repeat the multiplication-table. And another, by the aid of a spelling-book, with the utmost difficulty is able to inform her mother, by letter, that "Ime in goode helth and Having a goode tim." If you could but be a schoolmistress a little while! You would unanimously, consciously, make up your mind that the benighted, hopeless, Stygian darkness of ignorance has been finally reached by the women of that kind which, with a modesty only equalled by its regard for truth, calls itself the *upper* class. Speaking after the manner of young ladies: "It's horrid."

It gives one sincere pleasure to witness the efforts of benevolent people in behalf of the hitherto entirely neglected newsboys. Also, in Paris, some wealthy but rather queer old bachelor, I take him to be, has founded a Cat Hospital, that is to say, a home for dilapidated members of the feline tribe. Among the charitable institutions of the day, perhaps it would not be a bad idea to devote the proceeds of a Gift Enterprise to the education of our first society. Otherwise there is reason to fear it will remain in its present state of benighted ignorance, till the crack o' doom. After all, though, it does not make so much difference among upper ten-dom, where the question is not what you have inside your head, but what on the outside of it, where, if you have but greenbacks enough, it's much the same whether you have brains, manners, or morals, or whether you have them not. As Mr. Toots says: "It's of no consequence." If you have money you will do; if you have brains you will do in some places. But if you are poor, and don't know anything, besides, you may as well shut up shop *for* this world. ("Shut up shop" is slang.) If you have neither money nor brains, it is apt to go hard with you.

Women don't know much.

As a general thing, they understand painting as a fine art, in its application to their own complexion. Most of them can make tatting. And a few have climbed to that advanced stage where they read "parts of Byron." *Precedent* creatures! And they can read in a flash of lightning whether your dress has been turned and your hat done over. Also their education is fully up to that point where they can lisp and giggle across the counter at young Tape, with his wooden face, and his dry-goods-clerk smile. N. B. No disrespect to little Tapey, with his little facey, and his teenty weenty handey.

But they can't spell.

In our present stage of enlightenment, that American human being who is not thoroughly master of English spelling should expect no mercy at the hands of his fellow-man. He is no more than half-civilized. The young lady who insults her lover by sending him a badly-spelled letter, deserves to die an old maid, and live till she is a hundred and fifty years old, at that. My country-women, I wish we weren't such know-nothings. I wish we weren't such simpletons. And I wish you would learn to spell the English language.

Perhaps you don't have any taste for boarding-school hash. Maybe you are a genius, and don't take kindly to early rising. Maybe you are a poet, and don't take to arithmetic. And possibly you are a blockhead, and don't take to anything. But for goodness gracious' sake, learn to—spell.

Many a strong-minded female woman of these times is loudly calling for equal rights, and, which will bring on the millennium much sooner, equal wages. Madam, you will never get 'em. Never, till women are better educated. Not in Higher Algebra, distressed Oriental painting, and stuff and pony trash, but better educated in practical knowledge, practical common sense, and begin to have some glimmering of the grand how-to-do. Women rush into occupations for which they are only half prepared, sometimes not even that, and then complain that they are but half paid for work which they but half do. For instance, they claim an equal rank with men in the profession of medicine. It is true they go to lectures, and even in rare cases witness surgical operations in a hospital, and dissections—but does a woman ever take up a surgeon's knife, and perform the work with her own hands? Oh dear me no. That would be "horrid." The sight of blood makes them faint. Besides that, it wouldn't be modest, nor lady-like, nor *prudent*. Gammon! It puts one in a rage at them. Till women make a better use of their brains, it will continue to be a pity there was such a waste of good material in the creation. Depend upon it, strong minded friends, the millennium won't be along just yet.

Until then:

Go home to your altars and your fires, and study your spelling-books.

ZIG.

Facts in our History.

Our children are taught French, moral science, and conic sections, and read history of Greece and Rome. How few of them, and how few men and women, know anything of the history of their own country, except an outline of a few detached facts! How few under-graduates know that Columbus undertook his first voyage in the expectation of finding the great Khan of Tartary! that he set sail on Friday, 1492—that unlucky and direful day—and on Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered land; that he supposed Cuba to be the Continent; that he first reached the continent on the North coast of South America six years afterwards; that upon his fourth and last voyage he founded the first colony on the mainland on the Isthmus of Panama; that twenty-one years after the first discovery, the Old World was astonished to find they had discovered a New World, when they reached the Pacific across the Isthmus; but that Cabot, an Englishman, reached the shores of New England a full year before Columbus touched the continent; that San Augustine, Florida, is the oldest town in America, being just 300 years old; that Santa Fe, New Mexico, is the second town in point of age; that twenty years later—1602—California was discovered and explored; that in 1603 a Frenchman, Sieur de Monts, made the first settlement North of San Augustine, at Annapolis, and twice attempted a settlement at Cape Cod, but was driven off by the natives; that Champlain founded Quebec in 1608; that our coast from Pennsylvania to New Brunswick was named Acadia, afterwards New France; that Canada formerly comprehended our Vermont and New York; that Virginia was so named by Sir Walter Raleigh, in honor of Queen Elizabeth, in 1584, when he made his exploration of the North Carolina coast; that the first English child born in America was Virginia Dare, daughter of Ananinus; that the projected colony failed; that Jamestown was the first English town in America, began 1607, and named for James I.; that the want of wives in Virginia was so great that in 1621 a large number of young women, "of good character," were transported to the colony on speculation, and sold to the lonely settlers for a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco each; that New England was so named by John Smith, 1614; that at length a settlement was made, without a grant from the king's council, at New Plymouth, and sent its roots deep and wide into the sandy soil by a band of 102 passengers, Dec. 11, 1620, who came in a small craft, whose name has been spoken from the occident to the orient, to wit:—the "Mayflower."

Stupidities.

Hall's Journal of Health enumerates the following. The list is capable of being indefinitely extended. Indeed, if one should specify all the silly and ridiculous habits and practices by which the majority of reasoning mortals are injuring themselves, he would make a chapter as long as the Atlantic cable:

Walking along the streets with the point of an umbrella sticking out behind, under the arm, or over the shoulder. By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, or other cause, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through his eye, in one of our streets, and died in a few days.

Stepping into a church aisle, after dismission, and standing to converse with others, or to allow occupants of the same pew to pass out and before, for the courtesy of precedence, at the expense of a greater boorishness to those behind.

To carry a long pencil in vest or outside coat pocket. Not long since, a clerk in New York fell, and the long cedar pencil so pierced an important artery, that it had to be cut down upon from the top of the shoulder to prevent his bleeding to death, with a three months' illness.

To take exercise or walk for the health, when every step is a drag, and instinct urges us to repose.

To guzzle down glass after glass of cold water, on getting up in the morning, without any feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health-giving nature of its washing-out qualities.

To sit down to a table and "force" yourself to eat, when there is not only no appetite, but a positive aversion of food.

To take a glass of soda or toddy, or sangaree, or mint drops on a summer day, under the belief that it is safer and better than a glass of cold water.

To economize time, by robbing yourself of necessary sleep, on the ground that an hour saved from sleep is an hour gained for life, when in reality it is two hours actually lost, and half a dozen other hours actually spoiled.

To persuade yourself that you are destroying one unpleasant odor by introducing a stronger one, that is, attempting to sweeten your own unwashed garments and person by enveloping yourself in the fumes of musk, eau de cologne, or rose water; the best perfume being a clean skin and well-washed clothing.

How to Keep Out the Moths.

A good old lady gave the best receipt to her niece, whom she found one day examining her wardrobe. It had been copied from an old-fashioned book, and was this: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and were thieves do not break through nor steal." The application of this ancient receipt is very simple: Look over the wardrobe, and bring out all that can be spared—blankets and shawls, coats and cloaks—and send them to the poor in time; let the widows or the destitute have them before the moths have begun their inroads. "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none." This will do more to keep out moths than all the cedar closets, or snuff and camphor, in the world; and will be likely, if done in a Christian, generous spirit, to secure the blessing of Him that maketh rich, and doubly sweeten what is left.

THE LAST PLEA.

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

"Only a word, to comfort me in dying!
My lamp is fading fast into the gloom;
The chill and midnight darkness of the tomb
Are on my form and forehead coldly lying.

"Look deep into my eyes. There's no deceiving
In eyes just opening on a mystic scene.
The 'darkened glass' can now but faintly screen
The wonders which are still so past believing.

"Perchance long years may be in store for you,
Whom I have loved with such a tender loving.
The very death I die, this love is proving—
When I am gone, perhaps you'll think me true.

"God knows! Not vain, nor false, nor sinning—
Though my poor heart has on an altar lain—
Burned deep by sacrificial fires. The gain?—
Are not God's Peace and Love and Rest worth winning?"

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOHN ENGLISH TELLS THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

"Once upon a time," began John, "there was a young man who knew neither his name nor his age, nor where he was born.—But I had better drop the story-telling style, and say what I have got to say in my own fashion.—My earliest recollections, which are very faint, and very vague, carry me back, as in a dream, to a stately and beautiful home, where everybody is kind to me. I seem to see myself, a very wee fellow indeed, richly dressed, cantering on a pony down a long avenue of trees; and then I am inside a magnificent room, and a lady in rustling silk is beside me, who speaks to me in a soft silvery voice. I fancy she is trying to persuade me to take some physic; but I don't like her, in spite of her honeyed words; and then, all at once, I am in a dreadful room with barred windows, and great wooden, high-backed chairs, and a huge, funereal-looking bed, to which a faint odor of dead people seems to cling—a bed that becomes absolutely horrible as the afternoon deepens. Something whispers to me that behind that shroud-like drapery a skeleton is hidden, which will put forth its bony hand in the middle of the night, and clutch me by the hair; and the conviction at length works so powerfully upon me, that I rush to the door, and shriek aloud to be let out; but nobody heeds me, and I fancy that I go off into some kind of a fit, and am ill for many days afterwards.

"Next I am on the sea, and still ill, but in a different way, and am waited upon off and on by a lame ugly man and his shrewish-looking wife, who call themselves my uncle and aunt; but I repudiate the relationship in a childish, obstinate way that makes the lame man snarl and growl, and threaten with an oath to fling me overboard. We seem to be a long time on that dreary sea; but we land at last on a bustling wharf, where I feel more insignificant and miserable than before. Next come scenes, like portions of a moving panorama, in a strange country, as we move slowly forward to our new home, which is in a wretched little American country town. I will not inflict upon you any detail of the miserable life led by me during the next five or six years. The man with whom I lived, and whose name was Jeremiah Kreefe, was a surgeon by profession, and might no doubt have done well had he not been such a drunken, dissolute fellow. He he ever seemed to hate, and his treatment of me corresponded with the intensity of his dislike. In his drunken fits, he made a point of thrashing me ferociously, with or without provocation, till, after a time, I grew too wary for him, and kept out of his reach till he was sober again. But even that did not always save me. That I was headstrong and obstinate, and had a wilful temper of my own, I do not doubt; but in any case, I cannot think that I deserved such cruel treatment at his hands. I have a grateful recollection of his wife having saved me from his clutches on two or three occasions; ordinarily, she was a coarse, sharp-tempered woman enough, with a hand that seemed ever ready to give me a sly box on the ears. After a time, I was sent to school; and there another cane was at work, beating knowledge into me perforce, and a very painful process I found it to be.

"The hatred of Jeremiah Kreefe seemed to deepen as I grew older; indeed, the feeling was a mutual one. Sometimes, when he was in his cups, and so far gone as to be incapable of pursuit, I would take my revenge by jeering at him, and calling him names, and setting him at defiance generally. He would snarl and foam at the mouth like a caged hyena, and fling anything at my head that came readiest to his hand; while I performed a sort of impish war-dance round him, and snapped my fingers contemptuously in his face. Had I gone within reach of his muscular arm at such a time, I feel sure that he would have killed me outright. What seemed to annoy him more than anything else when he was sober was my stubborn refusal to address him as my 'uncle.' Nothing that he said or did could induce me to do this. I defied alike his threats and his promises: I did more than that—I told it up and down the little town that he was not my uncle; and when people asked me who my parents were, I said I didn't know, but that Dr. Kreefe knew, and they had better ask him. And I believe—but how I came to know it, I cannot tell—that the minister and one or two other gentlemen did ask him certain questions, which he found it rather difficult to answer; and I think it likely that the devilish scheme which his evil brain presently hatched resulted from his alarm at being thus cross-questioned.

"Early one bitterly cold morning—as nearly as I can tell, I was about nine years old at the time—Kreefe rode up to the door, mounted on a strong gray horse; and I was told that he was going a long journey, and that I was to accompany him. He seized me roughly by the shoulder, and swung me up behind him, and passed a strong strap round both our waists, and told me to hold tight, if I didn't want to slip off and be smashed. Thus, at break of day, we rode together through the sleepy little town; and Kreefe's wife, standing in the doorway, looked after us with a white, frightened face. Once on the hard, rough, country roads, we rode more quickly—rode all through the short winter-day, stopping now and then for refreshments, or to bait our horse, and then forward again; till, as night came on, we left the last squatter's clearing behind us—as in a dream, I heard some one tell Kreefe this—and so came out on to a great rolling prairie, lighted up by the rays of the full moon. I had grown terribly weary long before this, and had fallen into a sort of half-sleep, without losing all consciousness of where I was, and was only saved from falling by the belt round my waist. A more angry jerk than usual roused me up occasionally, and it was at one of these times that I caught my first glimpse of the prairie. But I was too far gone to heed even that, and was soon lost in dreamland again. I have a sort of half-consciousness of hearing a number of strange voices, and of being lifted off the horse, and laid down on something soft near a huge fire; but I have no distinct recollection of anything more till I awoke some time the following morning, to find myself surrounded by strange faces, and to be told that I should never see my tyrant again.

"And I never did see Kreefe again—a loss which did not grieve me. I found myself a member of a squatter's family that was moving westward, to occupy a choice tract of land which had been won by one of the sons in a raffle. The father, the chief of this strange brood, was a rude, rough-and-tumble old fellow; by no means bad-hearted, in his own peculiar way, who had lived all his life on the outskirts of civilization, and who was equally ready for a tussle with a grisly bear or a skirmish with the Indians. The sons were true chips of the old block—free, rollicking young giants while they were among friends, but merciless and cruel as death when their darker passions were roused. The mother was dead; two unmarried daughters, and the wife of the eldest son, comprised the fairer portion of the family—rough, ignorant, kind-hearted, passionate souls, who did their best to spoil the parentless lad thrown so strangely among them. I think there can be no doubt that Kreefe bribed the old squatter to take me with him into the wilderness, and so lose sight of an eyesore and danger for ever, and weaken still further the last frail thread which bound me in memory to a former happy life beyond the sea. The surgeon's name was never mentioned among us; I was quite willing to forget him; and the squatter had probably his own reasons for silence on the matter.

"Among this wild brood I lived, in everything like one of themselves, till I was eighteen years old. I learned how to use the axe, and clear the forest; how to ride, shoot, swim, and hunt; how to track my way across the wilderness and prairie by signs known only to the red man and the hunter; and I grew up as tall, as strong, and almost as much a savage as the young giants, my foster-brothers. I lived a contented, careless, day-to-day sort of life; happy in the present, and indifferent alike to the future and the past—not that the past was forgotten, for my memory was tenacious, and carried with it many recollections of my earlier life; but I looked back upon that time with very languid interest, as though it had belonged to quite a different person from myself.

"In one respect, and in one only, was I treated in any way differently from the rest of the family. Twice every year, in the spring and the fall, the old man, accompanied by two of his three sons, all dressed in their gayest apparel, and riding their best horses, would set out for the nearest town, there to make certain indispensable household purchases; but I was never allowed to be one of the party on such occasions. I think if the old man had taken me with him only once, I should have come back quite contented; but he would not do so, and I determined to outwit him the first opportunity. A chance offered itself at last. The old man was laid up with sickness, for the first time in his life, at the same time that the eldest son was confined to his house through an accident; and as the visit to the town could be no longer delayed, it was decided that the two youngest lads should go alone. Half an hour after their departure, I quietly saddled a horse, and started after them. I overtook them a few miles away, and we rode on gayly together, laughing to think how riled 'Dad' would be when he heard of my escapade.

"While wandering about the town, all eyes and ears, I accidentally heard that the commandant of a government exploring expedition, who had halted there for a day with his camp, was in want of a few good hunters to accompany him across the prairies. Here was an opening that suited well with my budding ambition, and thirst for a wider range of experience than would ever be mine while I stayed with the old squatter. I went, on the spur of the moment, and volunteered my services, and was at once accepted. I bade farewell to my foster-brothers, sent a kindly message to the old folk at home, and set out next morning with my new comrades, as blithe and bold as the best of them. Then followed two years of wild adventure, of which it is not needful that I should speak further at present; and then came a great change. One day, while wandering about at some distance from the camp in quest of game, I thought I heard the growling of a bear; and parting the brushwood cautiously, I advanced in the direction of the sound. The growls became louder and more menacing, and a few yards brought me to a small opening among the trees, in the centre of which a man in a hunter's dress was endeavoring to keep a huge bear at bay with the butt-end of his gun; but before I could interfere in any way, the monster, with a stroke of its paw, sent the gun spinning through the air, and next moment rushed open-mouthed on its assailant. That minute was the last of its life.

"The stranger whom I had so providentially rescued proved to be a wealthy English gentleman named Felix, who was travelling for pleasure, and from an innate love of adventure. He had been visiting among some tribes of friendly Indians, and his little encampment was only a mile or two away. Mr. Felix was more than ordinarily grateful for the service I had done him. He took a great liking to me; and a few days later, he visited the commandant of the expedition, and, by means best known to himself, obtained my release, and carried me away with him; and from that day till he died I never left him. The squatter's name was Yarnold, and I had been known as Jack Yarnold; but when Mr. Felix heard my history, he said: 'You are no Yankee, but a genuine son of the old country; and till we find out your real name, you shall be called John English;' and that is how I came by the name I still bear. Even after so long a time, I had not quite forgotten the scraps of knowledge which had been flogged into me when a lad at school; I could still read and write, though those processes were both difficult and painful. But now that the opportunity was offered me, I set to work with all the energy of which I was capable to remedy the neglect of years, and to fill up the gap which lay between

myself and men of even ordinary education, of the presence of which I became painfully conscious from the moment we left the wilderness behind us, and came into the busy haunts of men. A few months later, we sailed for Europe. We spent a winter in Italy, and then went to France. A year in Paris sufficed to give me a tolerable acquaintance with the French language. It was the intention of Mr. Felix to have gone thence to London; but a pulmonary complaint, to which he had been more or less subject since his youth, set in with increased violence, and he was ordered back to Italy without delay; but it was too late, and six months after that, my kind patron was no more. His death was the greatest loss my life has ever known. I was not forgotten in his will.

"Mr. Felix and I, among other things, had dabbled as amateurs in photography; and when, after his death, I cast about for some means of earning a living, I determined to adopt seriously as my profession what I had hitherto followed merely for pleasure. I obtained an introduction to a well-known Parisian firm, and the examples of work which I submitted for their inspection were considered so satisfactory that an engagement was at once offered me; and the following two years were spent by me chiefly in Rome and Florence, photographing the most celebrated architectural features of both cities. At the end of that time, I accepted a more lucrative engagement for a London house, which brought me to this country for the first time since I was taken away as a child: and here I am."

The little cuckoo-clock in the corner struck five as John English ceased speaking. Jane Garrod, with her apron thrown over her head, sat gazing silently into the glowing embers. It was quite dark outside by this time, but the room itself was filled with a sort of ruddy gloaming from the dancing fire—a warm coloring that brought into strong relief the pale handsome face of the wounded man, and the worn, sharply-cut features of the station-master's wife. John, looking out into the darkness, saw the express-train, with its blood-red, Cyclopean eye, burst suddenly out of the tunnel; and watched it as it came swiftly on, breathing flame and smoke, and marking its progress with free largess of fiery cinders. Its wild, defiant shriek seemed to break up Jane's reverie.

"You have not told me all," she said, turning on John abruptly.

"What have I left unsaid?"

"You have not told me anything that has happened to you since you came to Normanford. You have not told me how it is that you know Miss Spencelaugh so well; nor why an active, busy, young gentleman like you has lingered so long in such a little out-of-the-way spot as this."

"I will tell you everything," said John. So he began and told her all that had happened to him since his arrival in Monkshire—all save his love for Frederica; but there was no need for him to speak of that; it was a story known to Jane Garrod without the telling. He told her of his recognition of the portrait of Jeremiah Keefe, and of Mrs. Winch's strange behavior; he told her of the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh, sent to Cliff Cottage in mistake, and of his sudden dismissal from Belair the day following the landlady's return home; he told her all that he had gathered from Mr. Edwin, and of Mrs. Winch's prevarication under his cross-questioning. "And now that you know everything," he finished by saying, "you, in your turn, must tell me why you were so startled by seeing me that night at the station. I have waited patiently to learn this for what has seemed to me a very long time. I can wait no longer."

"I was startled by the strong likeness I saw in you to some person whom I knew many, many years ago," said Jane.

"Now that you know me better, do you still see that likeness as strongly as ever?"

"I do—I do."

"Who was that person whom I resemble so strongly?"

Jane Garrod did not speak, but burst into tears, and fell on her knees by the side of John, and kissed his hand, and called him "her darling, her own dear boy."

Amazed, and almost ready to think that she had gone crazed, John stood up, and taking Jane gently by the arms, raised her from the ground. Her straining eyes scanned his features eagerly. "That face, and the mark on his arm," she muttered, "were enough to tell me who he was, without anything more."

"Who am I, then?" asked John breathlessly. "You kill me by keeping me in suspense!"

"You are," she said—and then she stopped, for just at that moment she heard her husband's beg-pardon cough, and heavy footstep on the gravel outside. John seized her by the gown. "In Heaven's name, speak! Who am I?" he said. She turned, and putting her head close to his, whispered a sentence in his ear which sent all the blood to his heart, and left him for a short time without power either to speak or move. Next minute, Abel Garrod, stalwart, ruddy, entered the room, bringing with him a waft of keen wintry air, and the dying fire leaped up for an instant, as if to welcome him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT PEVSEY BAY.

Jane Garrod went up to Belair the day after that on which John English had told her the story of his life; she went up specially to see Miss Spencelaugh; but on reaching the Hall, she found that Frederica had been summoned away by telegraph a few hours before, to visit an old school-friend who was lying dangerously ill; and as Sir Philip was so far recovered that no immediate danger was apprehended, she had obeyed the summons without delay. Jane Garrod went back home intensely disappointed.

Three days later, John's doctor said: "We are getting on nicely, but slowly. We want change of air; a more bracing climate. We want ozone. We must go to the sea-side for a few weeks. Say to Pevsey Bay. Only twenty miles away. Warm, but invigorating. I will give you a prescription to take with you, and will run over to see you once a week, for the present."

So John English went to Pevsey Bay, and took up his quarters at Hammock's Boarding-house, where Jane Garrod had engaged rooms for him. Jane herself, after staying with him for a couple of days, and seeing that his comforts were properly attended to, was obliged to leave him, and go back to her home-duties; but made a point of going over by rail twice a week to see how he was progressing. Both by her and John, Miss Spencelaugh's return was impatiently awaited.

Pevsey Bay, even during the height of its little "season," was not a very lively place; but as it generally contrived to feather its nest pretty comfortably during the summer and autumn, it was wisely content to hibernate through the cold dead months that came after. John was literally the only visitor in the little place, and it was only natural that Mrs. Hammock should waken up gleefully from her state of wintry emptiness to welcome this stray bird of passage, and exert herself to retain him in a way that she would have scorned to do during the busy season, when she and Hammock were obliged to sleep in a damp pantry, so overcrowded were they with visitors; and their eldest boy had to be stowed away on a mug shelf in the coal-cellar.

But it mattered nothing to John English whether Pevsey Bay were lively or dull; he had enough to occupy his mind just then in brooding over Jane Garrod's strange revelation. Jane and he had many conversations together on the all-important topic, after that memorable afternoon on which the station-master's wife had whispered a certain brief sentence in his ear. The incomplete story of each—for Jane also had a story to tell, which we shall hear in its proper place—when added one to the other, formed a whole, which yet had several serious gaps in it; but now that the story, so strangely pieced together, came to be analysed and commented upon again and again, little bits, previously unthought of or forgotten, were added one by one; each one tending to elucidate some point that had seemed obscure before, or to bring into stronger relief some fact hitherto only partially known. Still, they both decided that no active steps could be taken till Miss Spencelaugh should return home; the interests involved were so many and so serious, and the baronet's health was so feeble, that the heiress of Belair naturally came into their minds as the one who must be first consulted; besides which, there was a family secret in the case, which it would not do to reveal to strangers until further counsel should have been sought and given.

John gathered strength daily; but with returning health came a desire to be up and doing; the state of inaction to which he was condemned galled his ardent spirit like a chain. He could not bend his mind just yet to reading or study; and to beguile some of the hours that flagged so wearily in the stagnation of the little town, he drew up a *précis* or abstract of his case, for the information of Miss Spencelaugh; beginning with the earliest facts of his personal history that were either remembered by himself or had been made known to him by others, and so setting down one fact after another, in order of time, till he had brought his statement up almost to the date of his writing. He re-wrote and remodelled his first rough draft four times before he was satisfied with his work; and next time Jane visited him, the important document was placed in her hands for delivery to Frederica, so soon as the latter should return. The next wet day sent John to his desk again. Nearly a week had passed since he had finished his statement, and in reading over his copy of it this morning, it struck him, after so long an absence, with an air of strangeness, and he saw far more clearly than he had ever done before, how weak his case was, in a legal point of view; how many important links were still wanting to it; and how easily, for want of such links, any clever practitioner would tear it to rags in a court of law. Considering these things seriously, John English came to a sudden resolution—he had always been impulsive and headstrong—which he determined to put into practice without further delay.

Later on, the same day, he walked up to the station, to make some inquiries respecting the trains. He was just leaving the office, when the bell rung for the arrival of the down express, and—with the indolent curiosity of a convalescent who has no better employment for his time than that of looker-on—he lingered to watch it. Now, Pevsey Bay is a junction-station, and passengers for Normanford, Kingsthorpe, and other neighboring hamlets, have here to change carriages, and not unfrequently to play at patience for an odd hour or two, pending the arrival of the branch train. Among the passengers who alighted at Pevsey Bay Station, on this particular afternoon, was one whom John English's keen glance at once singled out from the crowd, and from that moment he had eyes for none other.

"Is it the lady of my dreams?" he murmured to himself. "What happy chance has brought her hither?"

His heart beat so painfully for a minute or two that he could not move; and before he was able to stir a step, Frederica's gaze, drawn by Love's cunning magnetism, was fixed on his white intense face and hungry eyes—rested there an instant with a sort of doubting, pained surprise, only to melt next moment into a look of glad recognition. They both blushed as they drew near each other, but for a little while neither of them could speak, for Frederica's eyes were full of tears by this time; and John, after the fashion of little boys when they go into strange company, seemed suddenly to have lost his tongue. But their hands met in a long silent pressure, that told more than many words could have done.

"Why don't you offer me your arm, sir?" said Frederica with an April smile. "For I mean to monopolise you until the next train comes up. Can't you guess why? I want to hear all about your strange adventure on Inchmallow, and about the recent attempt on your life. Merely a woman's odious curiosity—nothing more."

"But you are getting better—I can see that," said Frederica, when John had done what he could to satisfy her curiosity; "and I hope to see you soon at Belair. I got the portfolio of photographs you so kindly sent me; and I have more commissions for you than I can remember just now, so you must make haste and get well, or I shall have to give them to some one else. Does not my threat frighten you?"

John declared that he was not in the least frightened; and then he added that he should have much pleasure in waiting on Miss Spencelaugh so soon as his health should be sufficiently restored to enable him to attend to business; but he said nothing about the resolution he had arrived at only that morning, neither did he make any mention of the manuscript which he had intrusted into Jane Garrod's hands for delivery to Miss Spencelaugh. After that, the conversation seemed to languish a little, but I don't think that either of them felt inclined on that account to say to the other, "How dull you are;" for Cupid is never more dangerous, never more bent on tying a true-lovers' knot, that no mortal fingers can unloose, than when he has least to say for himself.

By-and-bye came Frederica's train; farewells were spoken; and John English walked back to his lodgings more confirmed than before to carry out his morning's resolution.

Hammock's Boarding-house was managed by Mrs. Hammock, who, in common with others of her tribe at Pevsey Bay, would have contrived to do very comfortably at the expense of the migratory horde who flocked thither during the "season," had not her laudable efforts been utterly frustrated by an idle, incorrigible dog of a husband, who demanded to be kept "like a gentleman" out of the proceeds of the establishment. Mr. Ferdinand C. Hammock—tall, sandy, with high cheek-bones, a ragged moustache, and a quasi-military swagger, the son of a bankrupt riding-school master—neither could nor would work; he never had worked, and it was not likely that, at his time of life, he was going to degrade himself by doing anything towards earning his own living. So Mrs. H. struggled and slaved, and scraped at home, while my lord swaggered about the little place as though he were the sole proprietor of it; and had good clothes and good dinners; and looked down contemptuously on his wife's lodgers, and on his wife, too, if the truth must be told; and was never without a crown-piece in his pocket wherewith to make merry of an evening at the *Golden Anchor*. But this pleasant state of affairs had consequences, one of which was that the rent had perforce been allowed to fall into arrear, so that three half-years were due at the time John English took up his quarters in the establishment. Mr. Dilwood, the landlord, was a forbearing man; but patience has its limits, and of late he had been pressing Mrs. Hammock rather hardly to clear off some portion at least of what was owing. But that hard-working person's little hoard had melted through the fingers of her improvident husband till but very few golden pieces were left, hardly sufficient, in fact, to meet the small, unavoidable expenses arising from day to day during the months that yet remained before the first summer visitor would make his appearance. As for paying the rent—the prospect was an utterly hopeless one; and Mrs. Hammock had finally been obliged to intimate to her husband that it was Mr. Dilwood's intention to put a man in possession, and that bankruptcy stared them in the face. So Hammock went moodily about the little town, brooding over the dark prospect before him, and pulling his ragged moustache more than ever, and only brightening up into a forced merriment when he found himself among a knot of congenial souls in the bar-parlor of the *Golden Anchor*.

John English's departure from the little station-house at Kingsthorpe had been witnessed by unseen eyes; and twenty-four hours had not passed after his arrival at Pevsey Bay, before Brackenridge, under the friendly shade of evening, was quietly reconnoitring the new territory. A few cautious inquiries at shops in the immediate neighborhood of Hammock's, followed his survey of the premises, and then he went home by the last train in high spirits.

One consequence of the chemist's visit to the little watering-place took the shape of a lawyer's letter, received by Mrs. Hammock the following day, in which she was told that unless twelve out of the eighteen months' rent due should be paid within three weeks, further proceedings would at once be taken. The secret of this was that Mr. Dilwood was an old acquaintance of Brackenridge, and under some small obligation to him, and a word from the chemist was sufficient to induce him to "put on the screw," as the latter termed it, in the form of an attorney's letter. Next day, at dusk, Brackenridge strolled into the little watering-place; and later on, when the usual circle met at the *Golden Anchor*, there he was, an affable stranger, ready to stand treat for anybody, and greatly interested in all the news of the place. He seemed to take quite a liking to the raffish, shabby-genteel Hammock; and after a time, when the company had thinned somewhat, he contrived to seat himself next to him. Hammock's moodiness had melted by this time before the genial influence of the compounds purveyed at the *Golden Anchor*, and the chemist found him quite ready to drink any quantity of brandy-and-water at any one else's expense, and to declaim loquaciously on everything connected with Pevsey Bay, his own private affairs excepted. But it was to his own private affairs that the chemist wished to bring him; seeing, therefore, how he shied at the subject whenever it was introduced, even in the most delicate way, Brackenridge decided that a rougher method of treatment must at once be brought to bear; so, at the close of the evening, they went out together, arm-in-arm, and, smoking their cigars, wandered down to the jetty to have a last whiff together before parting. Now was Brackenridge's opportunity.

"Rather dull here in winter, eh?" said the chemist.

"Awfully slow work," said Hammock sententiously.

"Let me see. I think I have been told that you keep a boarding-house, or something of that kind. Is it so?"

"Why—yes—that house on the Parade there. My wife manages the business. One must live, you know, eh?"

"Just so; as well make a living that way as any other. Rents rather high in these parts, I suppose?"

"Why—hum—yes, rather high for houses in good positions."

"Ah, well, the profits you make during the season will easily stand it. Come, now, you contrive to net something handsome every year, don't you?"

"People don't do that sort of thing for nothing; it ain't likely. But really, we are getting to talk about matters that—"

"Then, if the profits are so large," said the chemist, interrupting his new friend, "how does it happen, Mr. Hammock, that you are eighteen months in arrear with your rent?"

Hammock's cigar dropped from between his lips, and he fell back a step or two in sheer amazement.

"How the devil—" he began, and then he stopped.

"Mr. Dilwood is a friend of mine," said Brackenridge quietly; "he mentioned to me the other day, as a matter of business, that he was about to sell you up, and that he had already got another tenant in view of your house. Such little accidents will happen now and then, you know."

Hammock was wiping his hot palms nervously with his handkerchief. The idea of his approximate ruin had never been brought so vividly before him, and his craven heart shuddered at the prospect. He at length broke the silence with a volley of frightful oaths, to which the chemist listened with exemplary patience. When he had done, Brackenridge said quietly:

"A bad mess, certainly, for any fellow to be in. But there seems to be one way by which you may squeeze out of it."

"Curse you! what are you driving at?" said the other sullenly.

"Listen to me attentively," resumed the chemist. "There is a gentleman staying at your house just now, Mr. John English by name;" and then he took Hammock by the button, and drew him closer, and whispered earnestly in his ear for ten minutes, at the end of which time the two men walked back arm-in-arm towards the town. At the corner of the Parade, they stopped to bid each other good-night. "Now, you thoroughly understand what I want?" said the chemist interrogatively. "You will send me a daily report of your lodger's doings—how he spends his time, who comes to see him, and where he goes when he walks out; but, above all, you will arrange that all letters written by him shall pass through my hands before being posted."

"I understand," said Hammock sulkily. "The post-office is right at the other end of the town, and my lad Jack always takes Mr. English's letters for him. Jack will do anything for a cigar, and never peach after. The young rascal is only eleven, and he has learned to smoke already."

"Do what I ask you to do," said Brackenridge, "and I will engage that Dilwood shall never trouble you again about the back-rent."

Jane Garrod, on her next visit to Pevsey Bay, was thunderstruck to find that John English had left his lodgings on the previous day, and gone away, no one knew whither. Had he left no letter, no message for her? she anxiously asked. Neither one nor the other. Mr. English had written a letter, Jack said, which he, Jack, had taken to the post-office; but it was addressed to some gent. in London; and Jack having volunteered this information, turned round and winked to himself, and muttered "Walker!"—Mr. English had paid his bill, and had left by the 2 40 P. M. train, added Hammock, and had booked himself through to London. Beyond that, they knew nothing as to the intentions or movements of their late lodger. Jane, wondering more than ever, and suspecting some treachery, went herself to the station, and there ascertained that Hammock's statement was true. After this, there was nothing left for her but to go back home. Surely John would write in a day or two; and with this scrap of hope she was fain to comfort herself, in the midst of her surprise at his unaccountable disappearance.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Baby Sentenced to Imprisonment and Hard Labor.

Some of the most atrocious cruelties are often perpetrated under the sanction of law, and the following case may be cited in proof. That in the heart of a civilized community such a deed could be enacted might well be doubted, were it not for the fact that a journal published in the city where it occurred vouches for its truth.

In the city of Dublin, two children were recently tried for soliciting alms in the public streets. One was a girl of eight years, and the younger a boy aged three years and six months. When brought before the magistrate, Mr. C. J. O'Donnel, the charge was proved, and the following sentence was announced:

As an example to similar offenders, the magistrate decided that the girl should undergo imprisonment in Grangegorman Penitentiary for fourteen days, and be kept to hard labor! and that the boy, three and a-half years old, should be sent to Richmond Bridewell—be there detained for fourteen days, and kept to hard labor! The next questions were—what clothes he should be dressed in, and to what hard work put? Never contemplating that such a youthful prisoner would be sent to jail, the Board of Superintendence had made no provision in their wardrobe for him, nor the Inspectors-General defined what hard work was suitable for his age. The result was that the humane Governor was obliged to procure some slight articles of clothing for the poor creature, and send him to the hospital ward to be taken care of. Meanwhile the Inspectors-General have been communicated with, and by their instructions the local Inspector has forwarded to the Government a report on the case, accompanied by a copy of the magistrate's committal.

Hindoo Loom.

Nothing can be more rude, or, in appearance, less calculated for delicate manufacture, than the loom of the Hindoo weaver, which he sets up in the morning under a tree, before his door, and takes down again at sunset. It consists merely of two rollers, resting on four stakes driven into the ground, and two sticks which cross the warp. These are supported at each end, the one by cross tiers to the tree, under the shade of which the loom is erected; and the other by two cords fastened to the foot of the weaver; thus enable him to separate the threads of the warp, for the purpose of crossing it with the wool.

For the greater convenience, he digs a hole in the ground to put his legs in. He uses a piece of wood or stick, or almost anything that comes to hand, for a shuttle; and yet with such rude instruments as these, the Hindoo weaver produces stuffs so fine, that when spread on the grass, they intercept none of its colors.

Strange Sagacity in a Pony.

A recent issue of the Mark Lane Express contains the following:—"I had a pony once which very frequently exhibited the following peculiarities: Whenever the pony had been turned out to grass, upon being fetched up and put into the carriage, it invariably turned lame after going a few yards—so lame, in fact, that frequently I had to turn back, not having the shame to drive an animal in such apparent pain. I say apparent, because no sooner had the pony been relieved of its harness than it used to canter round the field perfectly sound. The same pony, when fetched from the stable, would go perfectly well as long as it wished, but when I drove it in any direction contrary to its inclination, it became lame directly; as soon as its head was turned homewards, lameness entirely disappeared."

☞ BUSHELS OF CORN IN THE EAR.—A bushel of ears of corn is obviously a measure full of ears of corn, heaped a full peck above the rim; but a bushel of corn in the ear is as obviously a bushel or corn with the cobs counted out. By common consent the cobs that hold a bushel of corn are allowed to weigh twelve pounds, and so, where the weight of a bushel of corn is fixed legally at fifty-eight pounds, that of a bushel of corn on the ear is legally fixed in many States at seventy pounds.

Fighting With Light.

Professor Henry Morton, in a recent report to the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, gave the following description of the use of the calcium light during the siege of Fort Wagner, on James Island, opposite Charleston:—

The front of Fort Wagner, toward which the advances of the United States forces were made, was about seven hundred yards in length, while the approaching saps were confined to a narrow strip of solid land, about fifty yards across, the rest of the fort being covered by a swamp on one side and the ocean on the other. For this reason, when the head of the sap had been pushed to within two hundred and fifty yards of the fort, further advance was rendered impossible because the zig-zags would be enfiladed from one side or another by the guns at the extremities of the fort.

It was under these conditions, no advance having been made for several days, and the loss in the trenches being very heavy, that the calcium lights were first tried. Two of these, with jets one-eighteenth of an inch in diameter, burning about fourteen cubic feet of gas per hour, were set up at the extreme left of the second parallel, about seven hundred and fifty yards distant from the fort. These jets were supplied from large reservoirs fifteen inches by eight feet, each capable of holding two hundred and fifty cubic feet. Both the gases were made on the island in a laboratory established for the purpose, where a detail of twenty soldiers and twelve negroes were constantly employed in the manufacture and compression of the gases for use in various ways connected with the military operations at this point, such as the prevention of blockade running at night, of sending supplies and troops to Fort Sumter, &c.

The two lights above mentioned were so arranged with parabolic mirrors as to throw sectors of light over one-half of the fort, and the other over the remainder, the field of light being sharply cut by the diaphragm, so as not to reach below the edge of the parapet. The effect of this was to make every motion and each figure on the Rebel works perfectly clear to those in the trenches, while the space below, from the ditch of the fort to the saps and parallels, was hid in impenetrable darkness. The Union riflemen and sharpshooters, in fact, were able to leave the protection of their works with impunity, while on the contrary, all the gunners in the fort were exposed to a deadly fire. The consequence was that within twenty minutes after starting the lights, the fort, from which a constant fusilade had been kept up ever since the darkness set in, was *absolutely silenced*, and remained so during the night. Advantage was of course taken of this condition to push forward the sap, and by the end of the second night such progress had been made that the eastern angle of the fort was entered, and the work, becoming no longer tenable, was abandoned by its garrison. Of course every available gun was brought to bear upon the lights from the neighboring batteries, but these dazzling points seem to have been very hard objects to aim at, for though some of the reservoirs were hit by fragments of shell, and still bear the dents so inflicted, the apparatus was never seriously damaged.

☞ A young lady residing in Lansing, Michigan, was stung on the forehead by a honey bee, in August last. The poison of the sting caused a severe swelling, and so prostrated her nervous system as to confine her to her bed, and eventually caused her death on the 16th inst.

☞ Mr. Wilde, a piano maker and tuner in Washington City, has discovered the reason why a piano sometimes emits jingling sounds, as if some screw were loose inside, or some of the strings were loose and jarred together. Mr. Wild insists that it is something in the room, and not the piano, that produces the jingling. A pane of glass will be found loose, and its key-note in excellent unison with the piano note. Whenever this note is struck the glass sounds, in accordance with the sympathetic law of acoustic vibration. Sometimes a clock that has run down produces the jingle.

☞ BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—At the battle of the Wilderness a gallant young Mississippian had fallen at night. Just before burying him, there came a letter from her he loved best. One of the tearful group around his body, a minister, whose tenderness was womanly, took the letter and laid it upon the breast of him whose heroic heart was stilled. "Bury it with him. He will see it when he wakes." It was the sublimest sentence of his funeral service.

☞ WOMEN CAN MAKE MONEY.—The Watts-Sherman mansion, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second street, New York, has been purchased, $95,000 cash down, by a milliner who has made all this money, and more too, out of Fifth Avenue and its suburbs, and who contemplates moving her millinery establishment there, to be in the midst of the world of fashion and beauty. Thus, Fifth Avenue returns to itself what comes from itself.

☞ A Dutchman at Decatur married a second wife in about a week after the loss of wife No. 1. The Sabbath following the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was duly "cut up" with the following response:—"You tink I ride out mit anoder voman so soon after the death of mine frau? No, no."

☞ The English bench has decided that it is a principle of common law that a counsellor, in questioning a witness, shall address him in the ordinary tones and language one gentleman employs when conversing with another, and that a witness is not bound to answer questions put to him in an insulting manner.

☞ An English paper relates that a Yorkshireman who had attended a meeting of the London Anthropological Society, was asked by a friend what the learned gentleman had been saying: "Well, I don't exactly know," he replied, "there are many things I could not understand; but there was one thing I thowt I made out—they believe that we have come from monkeys, and I thowt as how they were fast geuing back again where they came from."

☞ RATS.—The question how to get rid of rats meets with a ready answer from "J. C. F.," Litchfield county, Ct. He says: "My method is to catch a rat, and dip him all but his head in red paint, and let him go. The rest do not like his looks and so leave the premises."—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ Artemus Ward gets $75 a letter from Punch.

☞ A new piano is announced at Paris. The strings are replaced by tuning forks, emitting notes of great power and sweetness.

☞ The author of "Felix Holt" was paid £4,000 for her novel.

☞ Fresh meat, it is stated, can be kept sweet and good for several days by immersing it in buttermilk.

Reduction of Taxes.

It is stated that the Revenue Commission, appointed to make investigations into the subject of revenue and to report thereon, will recommend a reduction or taking off entirely the tax on manufactures and raw articles, as well as a reduction of the income tax, probably to three per cent. on incomes over a thousand dollars, and cutting it off on all under that amount. It is believed, too, that the Secretary of the Treasury will endorse this recommendation in his own report to Congress next December. This will be gratifying intelligence to the whole country, for while we are able to bear the present burdens, and have borne them without a murmur, there is no necessity to raise a superabundant revenue. In fact, to do so, would only lead to extravagance, corruption and demoralization.

☞ A little girl in school, being asked what a cataract or waterfall was, replied that it was hair falling over something, she didn't know what.

CAN CANCERS BE CURED?

I answer, Yes! for I know and I speak from experience. The cure was so rapid, yet certain, that I could hardly believe my own eyes. Being myself a practical physician, I tried every known remedy to no purpose; I read every treatise that I could lay hands on; I consulted every eminent surgeon in the land, but none could give me any material relief; my faith in my chosen profession began to fail me, when a friend asked me if I had read Dr. Babcock's mode of treatment and cure of this malignant disease? I replied that I had not, but took occasion to obtain it at my earliest opportunity, and the mode of treatment therein set forth was so rational that I determined to make at least one more trial. I consulted Dr. Babcock & Son, at No 700 Broadway, New York, and there I found many cases worse than my own, had been cured and hundreds made happy. I put myself entirely under their care, and to-day, thank God, I am a well man! No knife or lancet was used during the whole operation; their remedies were harmless and painless, and they so soothed my troubled mind that I obtained my natural rest, which I had not done in years. To those afflicted with this terrible scourge I pray that they will not delay a day when so sure a cure is at hand, but do as I have done, and be a well man. I am willing to answer all letters of inquiry that may be addressed to me, free of charge.

S. M. HEALY, M. D.,
999 Henry St., New York City.

The office of Dr. BABCOCK & SON is at No. 700 Broadway, New York City. nov3-2t

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. jel6-6m

CURE YOUR OWN HORSES AND SAVE THE FARRER'S FEE.

The following letter received from Dr. Deal, who is a Veterinary Surgeon of great skill:

I have given PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER in many cases of colic, cramp, and dysentery in horses, and never knew it fail to cure in a single instance. I look upon it as a certain remedy.

JOHN R. DEAL, BOWERSVILLE, O.

FOR COLDS, SPRAINS, SCRATCHES, ETC., THERE IS NO BETTER LINIMENT.—TRY IT.

Sold by all medicine dealers. nov10-2t

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—The effect of this peerless salve is truly wonderful; cases of scald head, sores and scorbutic eruptions, that had defied every other means, yield in a few days to its cleansing and healing powers.

℞ THOSE WHO SUFFER from nervous irritations, itching, uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines the health, and the constitutional vigor will return. nov10-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is little or no demand for export. Sales comprise about 10,000 bbls, in lots, including superfine at from $8@9; extra at from $9.25@12.25, the latter rate for fresh ground from new Wheat; low grades and fancy Northwestern extra family at $13@14,25; Penna and Ohio family at $13.50@15, and fancy brands at from $15,50@16,50 ₩ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour; 450 bbls sold, in lots, at from $8@8,25 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal, we quote Penna at $5,50, and Brandywine at $6 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 5000 bus of common to prime Penna red sold at from $3.00@3 28; 7000 bus fair to prime Southern do at $3.25@3.34; 2000 bus Western amber at $3,25; white ranges at from $3 31@3,41 ₩ bus as to quality. Rye; sales of 2000 bus at $1,40 for Southern; $1,45@1.50 for old Western and $1,60 ₩ bus for Penna. Corn; sales of 15 000 bus prime yellow at $1,25@1 35, and 2,000 bus Western mixed at from $1.20@1,21 ₩ bus. Oats; 28,000 bus sold at 65@66c, including 1000 bus light Delaware at 70c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at $35 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork, 19@20c ₩ ℔ for plain and fancy Bacon Hams, 18@19c for pickled do, 16@16½c for prime Lard in bbls and tcs, and 16@20c ₩ ℔ for Butter, as to quality. Eggs sell at 32@34c per doz.

COTTON—The market has been inactive. About 600 bales of middlings sold, in lots, at from 38@39c for Uplands, and 40@41c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—70 hhds 1st No. 1 Quercitron sold at 34@35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 40@42c ₩ ℔.

COAL—There is more doing. Sales are making at $5,25@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good western are making at 85c and choice at 87@90c ₩ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making freely at $2@6 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples—15,000 ℔s sold at 8@10½c ₩ ℔. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpared quarters at 17@20c, and halves at 23@25c, and pared at from 31@35c ₩ ℔.

HAY—Baled is selling at $30@31 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Small sales of fair to choice quality have been reported at 40@45c, as to quality.

PLASTER—Sales are reported at $4,75 ₩ ton for raw.

SEEDS—Small sales Cloverseed are making at $6@6 ₩ bus for old and new; 500 bus of Timothy sold at $3 25@3,62½c. Flaxseed sells at $3,30@3,35 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at 2.62@2,65 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—400 bbls sold at $2,41@2,42 for Pennsylvania, and $2,41@2,41 ₩ gal for Ohio.

TALLOW—City rendered sells at 12½@12½c, and country at 11½@11½c ₩ ℔.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at prices ranging from 60@62c for extra, 58@60 for fine, 55@58c for medium; 50@53c for coarse, 50@53c for tub washed, and 40@45c ₩ ℔ for Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2700 head. The prices realized from 15@15½c ₩ ℔. 250 Cows brought from $70 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—28,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6 cts ₩ ℔. 3300 Hogs sold at from $12,00@13,00 ₩ 100 ℔s.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ A forthcoming exhibition of wet-nurses is announced in the Paris papers. The points to be considered will be the amount and quality of the milk, the age and temperament of the nurses, the kinds of food used by them, etc. Experiments will be made to demonstrate to what degree malt liquors or spirituous liquors partaken of by the nurse impregnate the milk; also, whether a passionate and fretful temper of the nurse is conveyed to the nursing child. The exhibition promises to be a very curious affair.

☞ "If," as the poet says, "beauty draws us with a single hair," then what—O, tell us what! must be the effect of a modern waterfall?

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Oct., by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's father, WILLIAM H. KAY to MIRIAM, daughter of Jas. Ash, both of this city.

On the 30th of Oct., by Friends' ceremony, ARTHUR WILSON, of New York, to MARY FLETCHER, of this city.

On the 25th of Oct., by the Rev. John Thompson, Dr. MILTON KEIM to Miss CAMILLA V. DILLS, both of this city.

On the 24th of Oct., by the Rev. Danl. Washburn, JOSEPH G. LOSEE, of Battle Creek, Michigan, to Miss MARY S. SAILER, daughter of the late Samuel Sailer, Esq., of Clarksboro', N. J.

On the 25th of Oct., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOHN C. COXE to Miss AMANDA S. SAVAGE, both of this city.

On the 18th of Oct., by the Rev. G. F. Krotel, Mr. GEORGE W. MILLS to Miss ELIZABETH P. SCHOOLEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Sept., 1866, MARY M. LIPE, wife of the late John C. Lipe, of Montgomery Co., N. Y., and daughter of the late Robert Miller, Esq., of Chester Co., Pa., in her 50th year.

On the 29th of Oct., ANN E., wife of Henry Evetty, in her 25th year.

On the 28th of Oct., JOHN ROBINSON, in his 45th year.

On the 28th of Oct., WALTER P. KIRKBRIDE, in his 27th year.

On the 28th of Oct., REBECCA SNOWDON, in her 61st year.

On the 27th of Oct., Mrs. MARY A. REEVES, in her 61st year.

On the 27th of Oct., JAMES COOPER, in his 47th year.

On the 27th of Oct., Mr. ROBERT ANDERSON, in his 77th year.

On the 26th of Oct., Mrs. MARY A. GENET, aged 57 years.

On the 20th of Oct., Mr. GEORGE ROGGE, Sr., aged 57 years.

HIGH SCHOOL CHORALIST.

A selection of Choruses and Four-Part Songs from the works of the Great Masters, for the use of colleges, high schools, advanced singing classes, &c. $1 00.

*** A volume containing these meritorious pieces usually selected for special occasions and practice, but which cannot otherwise be obtained, except by the purchase of several expensive books.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, oct27-3m Parkman, Ohio.

WANTED, COPIES OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of the following dates: Dec. 31, 1842; Jan. 7, 14, 21, 28, 1843; Sept. 28, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26, 1844; Sept. 9, 16, 23, 30, Oct. 7, 14, 1843; March 19, 26, April 2, 9, 16, 23, 1842. A liberal price may be obtained by addressing Box 416, Trenton, N. J.

GOLD PENS REPAIRED, equal to new, by a newly invented process, for 50 cents. Inclose pen and amount, by mail, to LEWIS H. MARTIN, No. 413 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. Box 1564.

500 THINGS WORTH KNOWING; also, very choice Recipes for making Honey as good as that made by Bees, at a cost of only 9 cts. per lb; Beet Vinegar for 2 cts. per gallon; Extra Soap for 2 cts. per lb.; Inks of all colors; splendid Cider without apples; Secret arts of catching all Fur Animals and Fish; Famous Hair Restorers, and Rosel's Great Discovery! All the above sent free, by mail, for 25 cents! Address M. M. SANBORN & CO., Lincoln, Mason Co., Mich.

WHISKERS.

DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free.

Address, REEVES & CO.,
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$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sept-3m

Freckles, Tan and Pimples,

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 95 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. aug11-3m

BMOCHROMATICS.—Agents wanted for the new employment, light, easy, pleasant, and profitable for leisure hours; instructions gratis. Remit three cent stamp to A. THOMAS & Co., Washington St., next door to Central Bank, Brooklyn, New York. oct 27-4t

WHISKERS.—A HEAVY BEARD is guaranteed in five weeks to all who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price, by mail, 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Drawer 296, Watertown, N. Y. sept-3m

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, nov1-7m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

You must have CLOTHING.
You want, FIRST, to get a GOOD article.
You then want it as CHEAP as POSSIBLE.
This is natural and right enough.
The question is WHERE to buy?
It is to your PERSONAL interest to consider the following facts:

There is organized in Philadelphia an immense establishment to make FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING, and to make it cheaper than CUSTOMARY. The materials are bought DIRECT from the best American and European manufacturers, and thus considerable is saved. Full prices are paid to workmen, so as to ensure substantial and handsome garments; the Salesmen and Clerks are such that customers can fully rely upon them, and every effort is made to please and suit patrons, so as to KEEP as well as make custom. The result of combined industry, system, and close application of all the employees, has secured a model establishment, a SUPERIOR style of Clothing, and VERY MODERATE prices.

This House is located at the CORNER of SIXTH STREET, and extends from MARKET to MINOR STREETS, and is now the most extensive concern of the kind in Philadelphia.

You are asked to patronize and encourage this enterprise.

We have,
1st-Gent's Ready-Made Clothing.
2d-Special Department For Youth's and Boy's Clothing.
3d-Custom Department To Make to Order.
4th-Gent's Furnishing Goods in Large Variety.

Yours, very respectfully,
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor. 6th & Market,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ It will be well worth a visit, whether you want to buy or not.

☞ Samples sent by mail or express when desired.

oct13-3m

MENDENHALL'S
Improved Self-Acting
HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

FARMERS,

Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
333 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oct20-tf

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 920, Boston, Mass.

$150 A MONTH! NEW STYLE FOR AGENTS. M. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. sept-3m

The Great Strengthening Tonic
(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
Debility! Debility!
Resulting from any cause whatever.

H
PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
INDUCED BY
Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.
OR
DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.
SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O
DYSPEPSIA,
And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,
ARE CURED BY
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility
AND
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L
REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

(From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.)

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 25 Shackamaxon St.

A

(From the Rev. F. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.)

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

(From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.)

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

(From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.)

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Years truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
926 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 26 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,
No. 631 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JONES & EVANS,
[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*]
Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists Dealers and in every town in the United States. nov 10-ow1y

PALMER'S 1855
PATENT. 10,000 IN USE.
1869 CHESTNUT ST.
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ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. | 99 GREEN ST., BOSTON.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,
B. FRANK. PALMER, LL.D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB. Co.

These Inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. nov13-1y

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP RUFFLES, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
oct 6-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

MONEY RETURNED

In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY" its effects are unsatisfactory. $5 a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by P. C. GODFREY, No. 3 Union Square, N. Y., and by all Druggists. nov3-3m

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

DAY EXPRESS	at 9.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM, Nos. 1 & 2, 10 00		
	A.M. & 11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKSBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12 40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 9.20		
	A.M. & 7.10	P.M.
PARKSBURG TRAIN	at 9 20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12 40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5 50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8 40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, sp7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.

CURL YOUR HAIR.—My Golden Beauty will curl your hair into waving curls, and last six months. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Serenade Cut Short.

This is the season *for* moonlight nights—*for* clear, cerulean skies—for an atmosphere breathing aromatic balm, and for a canopy of clear, quiet clouds, lustrous with the light of myriads of stars. It is a season when young gentlemen, touched with the tender passion of a poetic temperament, and having some pretensions to "vocalizing," go out o' nights, with guitar in hand, and, under the lattice or latticed window of their lady-love, like troubadours of the olden time, pour forth in accents tremulously tender, praises to the soul's idol—to the magic mistress of the heart.

Improving on the season, a "gent" of mind romantic, and years some twenty-two, last night went forth and stopped beneath the window of a mansion where lives a fair and queenly dame. There, with pulsive finger, did he touch his instrument, which echoed to his lay of love, and in music's voice of silver sweetness did answer make unto his passion's plaint. Thus he sang:

"Ah! tell me where is fancy bred?"

And no further did he sing; for a domestic of the sex *feminine*, and of Africa's line and lineage, did the window open, and thus addressed the minstrel:—

"Look heah, you dar b'low! we'se had two monkeys, two organs, free tamboriens and a ringle heah to-day; young misens tink dat quite nuff. If you want to know whar dey sell *fancy bread*, guess if you go to Missa Nichols, corner of Camp and Natchez streets, you will find it dar in any quantity. Whoo! go away, white man!"
—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Distinction.

The experienced are aware that there is no severer trial of temper than the milking of a refractory cow. Such a cow, by refusing to stand still, and be kicking over the milk two or three times, had vexed me so beyond all endurance, that, procuring a good cudgel, and having got the cow well cornered, I proceeded to administer a most wrathful flogging. My father that moment made his unexpected appearance, and suspended the operation of castigation by saying: "Harman, my son, don't strike that cow again; never strike a cow; it never does them any good—never!"

About a week after this my father was doing the milking himself, and the cow proved unusually troublesome, as I inferred from loud sounds in the direction of the barn-yard. Going to the spot, I arrived just in time to see the cow in a very close corner of the fence, and the boot of my paternal relative administering kicks of the heaviest kind thick and fast. "Father," said I, very quietly, "I thought you told me never to strike a cow." "Yes, that is true," was the reply, while the punishment continued with unabated vigor, "that is true; but did I say anything about kicking them? did I say anything about kicking them? Striking does no good, but kicking seems to curl 'em right up!"

The Baker's Parrot.

Snake stories having become worn out, the editors are now exercising their ingenuity on "parrot stories"—the latest escape valves for their irrepressible imagination. The following is a specimen purporting to be narrated by a Virginia negro: "you see," said he, "dis parrot belonged to a baker in Richmond. Now each baker is 'lowed to make a certain number o' loaves ebry day, and no more, 'cause if dey do dey will be serving out stale bread to the customers. Well, this baker had baked more than his share one day, and hid de surplusum under the counter. De parrot was hangin' in his cage, an' seed it all. Bimeby in comes de inspector, and finds the bread all right, and is goin' out agin satisfied, when de parrot cocks his eye at him and sings out, 'Dere's more bread under de counter!' So de inspector grabs it, 'cordin' to law, and carries it off. Well, den the baker goes to the parrot wery mad, and takes him by the hed, and fotches him a twitch or two and flings him in the gutter for dead, 'longside ob a pig just dead ob de measles. Bimeby de parrot begins to crawl about, his feathers a sticking out, and his head lopped on one side, and den stops and looks at de pig werry pitiful, and sed he, 'Did you say anything about de bread?'"

The Jug.

A young lady who was a firm advocate of total abstinence, when riding from her father's country-seat to a neighboring village, met a young man on foot who was carrying a suspicious looking jug. She at once reined in her horse and asked him what he had in his jug. Looking up with a comical leer, he simply winked one eye and smacked his lips, to indicate that it contained something good. The young lady, supposing he meant alcohol, immediately began to talk temperance; but her auditor requested the privilege of first asking her just one little simple question. "What is it?" she inquired. "It is this," he replied: "Why is my jug like your side-saddle?" She could not tell. "It's because it holds a gal on," said he. "What trifling!" exclaimed the indignant young lady, and then continued, "Young man, you do not perceive—" "Just one more question," interrupted her auditor, "and then I'm done. Why is my jug also like the assembly-room of a female seminary at roll call?" "I'm sure I don't know," petulantly replied the young lady. "Well, it's because it's full o' lasses," said the incorrigible auditor. The fair lecturer touched her spirited horse with the whip, and was soon out of hearing of the rude young man's laughter.

Verdant.

Some months ago a country clerical friend of an M. D. came to the city, and was invited by the doctor to go home and stay with him over night. After supper, the guest was shown to his room, the gas lit, and he left to retire. Some two hours after, the doctor "smelt a mice," and soon discovered that gas was leaking somewhere about the premises. His first thought was of his country friend, and so to his room he went. Sure enough, the gas *was* leaking. The gentleman, upon being awakened, asked what was the matter. He was informed that the gas had not been shut off, and had been leaking. With an air of sorrow, he rose up and looked over the foot of the bed at a spot on the floor under the burner, and asked with great innocence, "Did it spoil the carpet much, doctor?"

☞ "Pa, do guns have legs?" "No, my child." "Well, then, pa, how do they kick?" "With their breeches, my son."

THE SENSATION NOVEL.

CLARA.—"Yes, dear. I've got the last one down, and it's perfectly delicious. A man married his grandmother—fourteen persons are poisoned by a young and beautiful girl—forgeries by the dozen—robberies, hanging, in fact, full of delightful horrors!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PERSONALITIES.

Perhaps a brief chapter of personalities just at this present time will be quite as profitable to the public as anything we can turn our pen to. So we go first to potatoes—such potatoes as we have never seen come out of the ground before—so many of such uniform size—most monstrous "Monitors," fair and handsome, without sign of rot or symptom of any disease. These Monitors, several hundred bushels, together with hundreds of bushels of Cuzcos, Mercers and other sorts, all in their way equally admirable, have been produced this year in spite of all the backward spring, summer droughts and drenching fall rains, by Mr. Mingen, our model Pennsylvania farmer, on the estate of Samuel Morton, Esq., within the municipal limits of the city of Philadelphia.

Mr. Mingen has also produced this year on the same farm the best crops of wheat, corn and hay we have seen or heard of, not one of the crops being made with an eye or an idea of prizes or "puffs"—all with the intention of making farming pleasantly profitable, and with Mr. Mingen the practice has been an entire success. It may just as easily be made so with thousands of others whose present practice of farming is pretty poor economy.

There have already been many inquiring visitors to Mr. Morton's to admire those Monitors and Cuzcos, and learn from Mr. Mingen a better practice of potato culture than they have been in the habit of following, and we advise all farmers and "truck" growers living within a day's journey to pay a visit to Mr. Morton, and before all those excelsior Monitors and Cuzcos are marketed, lay in a supply for next spring's planting. It cannot fail to prove a paying pilgrimage in several respects.

Mr. Mingen has grown this year six varieties of potatoes, all superior; the two sorts named, however, leading all the others, both in hardihood, productiveness and uniformity in size. Among all the hundreds of bushels stored just as they came from the ground, without picking or sorting, we did not see a Monitor or Cuzco that was not a fair sized cooking potato, and most superior cooking potatoes, too, as we have been testing by experiment in boiling, baking and roasting. We find that a Monitor weighing one pound will boil, bake or roast through thoroughly in about forty minutes, coming out mealy and delicious, nearest like a real Irish potato grown and cooked in "Ould Ireland" of anything we have ever seen in America.

Mr. Mingen's method of potato growing is simply the common sense plan—deep ploughing, liberal manuring with well rotted stable manure, thorough pulverization of the soil, and strictly clean culture, killing and keeping down all obnoxious weeds. With such practice and good seed any farmer can produce better potatoes than they do generally.

SYTHELK MOWING.

Last summer, before harvest, we went through, admired and made public mention of an eight acre wheat field lying along the York turnpike, near Branchtown, the field being on the farm of Mr. Morton of that ilk, and absolutely a Philadelphia city farm. The admiration points of the field at that time were that it was the best growth, heaviest headed, brightest, best standing, and by very far the cleanest field of wheat we have had an eye on this year.

A few days after harvest we were again over the same field, and then admired the best, most even "set" of clover we have ever seen. Our next visit was made on October 16th, finding the field in cocks of cured clover in as prime condition as ever clover was, all ready to house. Topographizing the field and making as close a calculation as possible, our guess is that the yield of clover would average three-quarters of a ton per acre. Eight acres—twenty-four quarters—six tons of as beautiful clover hay as was ever cut, worth more for feeding, particularly milk cows, than any other feed made on the farm, besides saving six tons or more of good marketable timothy hay. That clover cut, coming in the same season off the same field that has given the best wheat crop we have seen or heard of this year, will do pretty well, even *for* Philadelphia city farming, and Mr. Mingen himself.

OUR "PENNSYLVANIA PEARL."

We have learned in our late visits to these briars something that will be of service to us in future, and made public, will undoubtedly prove serviceable to a great many others. We have been taught so long and frequently by respectable authority, that unlike all other briars, plants and shrubs, cuttings from the canes of the raspberry would not, under any circumstance, strike root and grow, that being ignorant in the premises we believed it. We know better now.

We have found, in all instances, wherever a cane has bent down near the ground, the top has taken root firmly, though the briars were growing in an old pasture covered with a thick growth of grass, and having a tough, matted turf. In at least a hundred instances we found canes six to twelve feet long that had not only rooted their tops into the sod, but tied themselves fast to the ground in a dozen places, perhaps, by sending down shoots which, piercing the sod, became a tuft of fine, fibrous roots. Most of the roots that we have recently sent off are of that description, as the recipients can readily discover, and will of course testify to.

Upon the occasion of our last excursion, October 20th, we discovered two new jungles of the pearl berry briars, growing as we have never seen raspberry or any other briars grow elsewhere. The patches are about six or seven yards in diameter, circular, the great canes shooting up from the centre and curving over gracefully in all directions, have struck roots at their tops, making a mound of foliage such as we have never seen equalled. The leaves are unusually large, and on October 20th were as bright, green, and apparently as vigorous in growth as they were in midsummer.

We have the testimony of several reliable persons living in the neighborhood that these Pennsylvania natives are the largest, most productive, beautiful and delicious flavored berry they have ever seen. The only reason that any one knows of why the "Pearl" has not been introduced into garden culture, is that no one has happened to lay hands on it, advertised it as a new raspberry miracle and sold cuttings at $1.50 apiece. We are not going to predict what the berry will do under culture, but knowing it to be in its wild growth the handsomest and best berry we have ever put between our lips, besides being considerably earlier than any of the cultivated sorts that we have any knowledge of, we are going to popularize the *Pearl*, if we can, by giving away the cuttings so long as we can find one to cut and persons to apply for them *properly*.

SEED WHEAT.

In reply to several letters of inquiry as to where a good, clean, reliable article of seed what was to be obtained, we have said: "Don't know," because we didn't happen to remember that we had seen the past summer harvested from a Philadelphia city farm a good many bushels of cleaner, heavier wheat than we have elsewhere any knowledge of. We believe the Mediterranean bearded red stem to be the surest, hardiest and most productive wheat that we have in the middle and western States, and as the crop to which we refer is of that sort, and as free from all foreign or foul seeds as wheat can well be, we should say that although the season for this year's sowing is past, those who are desirous of improving their wheat crops would do well to procure a supply for next season's sowing.

We know nothing about terms, only that as the crop in question is intended for the market when thrashed, it is likely it would be sold for seed at reasonable rates. Such wheat certainly ought to go into the ground for seed, every bushel of it, rather than into the market to be made into flour. Mr. Samuel Morton, of Mlestown, Philadelphia county, Pa., and Mr. Mingen, the farmer who produced that prime wheat, are joint proprietors of the crop. Whether these gentlemen will thank us for calling attention to them and their wheat, or not, is a matter we don't care much about. We only know that the farmers ought to have all that wheat crop for seed next year.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——In England, people are largely in the majority over pigs—five people to one porker. In the United States, though we talk of a scarcity of hogs, if all the shoats were equally divided, we should find ourselves, every man, woman, boy, girl and baby of us, with four pigs apiece.

——Averaging the market prices of meat and these of stock on the hoof at the present time, there is a clear profit to the butcher of about $35 on every beef, and $6 on every sheep carcass sold. No wonder butchers get fat and rich. People will save money by killing themselves or their own beef and mutton.

——Now and then they get a genuine English bull equal to an Irish animal. Last dog days the municipal authorities of Manchester ordered that every person owning a dog should be muzzled.

——A Boston paper says: "A couple of wild *deers* have been taken within a mile of the town of Bath, Me." We saw a couple of wild deers taken one day last week within three squares of Independence Hall in Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

——About 11,000,000 pounds of pure chalk gets somehow into our bread and milk every year. That is importing English bread and milk stuffs pretty liberally.

——To most girls and many other people freckles are an utter abomination. To get rid of them *presto*, powder very fine nitrate of potash, simply saltpetre, and rub the skin often and thoroughly. It does not injure the skin, but makes the freckles fly.

COSMO'S CARD.

When I offered one day to send samples of our pretty Pennsylvania "Pearl" to two or three, or even half a dozen applicants, I didn't dream that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST or Cosmo had so many "friends," or so many *berryists* were going to forget to send even a two cent stamp to pay return postage. We got from *Henry Kohler, Jr.*, Mineral Point, Mo., 50 cents, and from another person 15. That is all. Madeline and Cosmo have endeavored to give these two parties value received. We have sent to every applicant thus far, cuttings and roots carefully put up and post paid—a brigade served, and a "heap" of briars sent off; besides, in nearly all cases, we have written letters giving detailed instructions as to care and culture. We are willing to continue the supply so long as we can find a pearl berry briar out doors, but jointly protest against making a separate trip of fifteen miles, paying $1 fare, losing a day, tearing the skin off our hands, as if we had had an hour's fight with ten mad cats, then doing up parcels, directing and licking on stamps, to pay the way to applicants who say: "*Please send by return mail*," and expect us to do all these things good naturedly and gratuitously, and pay postage besides. So be it understood that in future we will send no *briar* to such as neglect to send a two cent stamp. "COSMO."

"MADELINE."

RECEIPTS.

OYSTERS SCALLOPED.—Beard and trim your oysters, and strain the liquor. Melt in a stew-pan with a dredging of flour sufficient to dry it up, an ounce of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of white stock and the same of cream; the strained liquor and pepper and salt to taste. Put in the oysters and gradually heat them through, but be sure *not to let them boil*. Have ready scallop-shells buttered, lay in the oysters, and as much liquid as they will hold; cover them well over with bread-crumbs, over which spread or drop some tiny bits of butter. Brown them in the oven, or before the fire, and serve while very hot.

PATE.—A pie usually made with game. In the absence of that we use a pigeon. When cleaned, put it in a bakepan. Lay a slice of salt pork on the breast and place it in the oven for an hour or more.

For the paste. We have four ounces of flour, two of butter, a pinch of salt, half a gill of cold water, mixed to a paste. Line the bottom and sides of a flat pan with the paste. The bird is carved as if for the table, and the pieces laid in, and paste covered over the top. Put a little broth or gravy inside, and leave an opening in the top for the steam to escape. Cover the top with a yolk of egg and bake. It may be eaten either hot or cold, and will keep a week or ten days, as wanted.

Truffles may be baked in a pate, two ounces to a pound of meat, but in that case it is best to have no bones in the pan, only clear meat.

STEWED STEAK OR PIE.—Do not fry the meat first, as this extracts the goodness. A brown color may be given to the meat by using burnt sugar. Choose the meat from the shin of beef, this is far richer than any other for the purpose. If for a stew, cut the meat into pieces the size for helping, but cut away most of the fat, roll them in flour and lightly pepper them, and place them in a tin. Mix in a basin, with very little cold water, one tablespoonful of flour, *set* it with boiling water till like a gravy, color it with boiling water poured over burnt sugar, then pour it over the meat just to cover it. Shred some onions in rings and cut them across, slice thin some ready-boiled carrot and parsnip, sprinkle some salt over the vegetables, place them on the meat, and the fat upon the top of all. Cover the tin closely with a dish, and bake it for three hours in a hot oven.

Stew the meat in like manner if wanted for a pie, only stewing two hours; but omit the vegetables, only putting in a whole onion with three cloves stuck in it. When it is cold make a paste crust to line the dish and for a cover, and bake one hour and ten minutes. Stock for both purposes is better than water.

TO MAKE APPLE JELLY.—Take one dozen of the largest apples, pare and slice them into three quarts and one pint of water. Put them into a tin pan, and boil them until they become a pulp, and one half of the water in consumed. Pour it into a flannel bag, and after it has done running, press what juice you can from the bag. To every pint of juice add one pound of white sugar; set the juice and sugar on the fire and let them boil half an hour, skimming it all the time. Add lemon-juice and peel to taste. Pour it into tea-cups or jelly-glasses at hand, and turn it out entire. The above quantity of apples will make about three pints of juice. Remember, after you have pared one apple, slice it immediately into the water, and do not pare them altogether.

RICH CAKES.—Beat eight eggs to a froth; the whites and yolks should be beaten separately, then mixed together, and a pound of white sugar stirred in gradually. Beat the whole together well for eight or ten minutes, then add the grated rind of a lemon and half the juice, a couple of tablespoonsful of coriander seeds. Drop this mixture by the large spoonful on two buttered baking plates several inches apart, sift white sugar over them, and bake immediately in a quick hot oven.

MARROW AND CASTOR-OIL POMATUM.—Procure two fresh marrow-bones, and remove the marrow carefully out of them, put it into cold water until it is quite clean; this will take three or four days, during which the water must be frequently changed. Then put the marrow in a clean bowl, dissolve it, and strain it through muslin; after which add four ounces of castor-oil. Beat these together with a silver fork until they are almost cold; but before the pomade sets, add the scent—half an ounce, if strong, will be required. This must not be added until cold, or else it evaporates.

☞ The wooden shoes worn by the peasants of both sexes in Belgium are purchased at from four to seven cents a pair, and never wear out.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 33, 7, 42, 46, 21, 51, 50, is one of the United States.
My 16, 24, 46, 58, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 1, 52, 29, 43, is a river in Europe.
My 12, 33, 28, 34, 41, is a river in Italy.
My 51, 15, 54, 28, 48, 42, 42, 25, 18, is a river in Asia.
My 21, 13, 38, 30, 14, 46, 1, is a country in Europe.
My 2, 49, 21, 46, 51, is a country of Europe.
My 31, 10, 36, 54, 52, 33, 50, is one of the United States.
My 49, 34, 47, 44, 38, 19, is a country of Asia.
My 42, 3, 40, 51, is a river in Scotland.
My 9, 50, 45, 58, 11, 16, 24, is a river in the United States.
My 27, 6, 14, 4, 36, 14, 42, is a county in Maryland.
My 17, 16, 15, 7, 53, 8, 43, 16, 24, is one of the United States.
My 20, 46, 53, 38, 28, 25, 42, 24, 51, is a city of Germany.
My 32, 22, 16, is a city in New York.
My 34, 33, 10, 7, 51, 19, is a city of Austria.
My 35, 23, 54, 52, 46, 51, 33, 1, is one of the United States.
My 6, 26, 18, 24, 15, 2, is a city of Greece.
My 23, 19, 28, 21, 5, 27, is a river in the United States.
My 37, 31, 40, 17, 24, 42, 44, 5, 25, 45, 55, 43, is the name of an independent nation.
My 2, 39, 11, 42, 16, 31, is the name of a country in Europe.
My whole is one of Solomon's sayings.

J. GILPIN PYLE.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ancient armor.
A girl's name.
A church officer.
An Egyptian god.
A sacred mountain.
A kind of gas.
A horse.

The initials and finals are the capitals of two Western states. WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perpendicular of a right angled triangle measures 10 rods more than the base; and the hypothenuse is 50 rods. Required—the area.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bought a certain quantity of broadcloth for £283 5s., and if the number of shillings which it cost per yard were added to the number of yards bought, the sum would be 386. Required—the number of yards bought, and at what price per yard? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose Pennsylvania to be bounded by the parallels of 39 degrees 42 minutes and 42 degrees 15 minutes North latitude, and the meridians of 74 degrees 44 minutes and 80 degrees 34 minutes longitude West from Greenwich. Required—the number of square miles in the state; the diameter of the earth being 7912 miles. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What should a man do when his boots leak? Ans.—Take to his pumps, of course.

☞ Why is John Smith like a badly-cooked buckwheat cake? Ans.—Because he isn't Brown.

☞ What five letters form a sentence of forgiveness? Ans.—I x qq u.

☞ What is the difference between twice twenty-two and twice two and twenty? Ans.—One is forty-four, and the other is twenty-four.

☞ What is fashion? Ans.—Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

☞ What is the difference between firewood and our remote ancestors? Ans.—We saw the former, but we never saw the latter.

☞ When is soup likely to run out of the saucepan? Ans.—When there is a leek in it.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Armand John Du Plessis, Cardinal and duke of Richelieu. ENIGMA—Grope. DOUBLE REBUS—Obidos, Amazon—(Oaxaca—bantam——Ithaca——Danets—Oronoc—Simpson.)

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, Aug. 11th 1 37-224 inches. M. Stevens and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM of same date—13.15898890 by 12.15 898890 perches.—D. Diefenbach. 13.158988 rods, and 13.158988 rods—Artemas Martin. 12.159 and 13.160 rods nearly—J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Peter Plain's PROBLEM of same date. D. received $108, E. received $72, and F. received $54. D. Diefenbach, J. M. Greenwood, and Artemas Martin.

Answer to H. R. Spink's PROBLEM of Aug. 18th—13.543 inches—H. R. Spink. 13.5434 inches—A. Martin. 13.5435 inches—J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM same date—12.22249136 perches. D. Diefenbach, A. Martin, and J. M. Greenwood.

☞ How to cultivate presence of mind is a question often asked and seldom answered, but the Washington Star suggests, as a means of ascertaining a man's resources in a case of emergency, that a vicious dog be set upon him.